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Painting by Willy Pogany—**Aucassin and Nicolette**—*The World's Most Poetic Romance Retold by John Erskine*

IN the forest Nicolette came upon four or five shepherds, seated by a fountain on the edge of the wood, and they had spread their coats and were setting out their morning meal.

Said Nicolette: "God be with you, boys."

"And with you," said one shepherd.

"Boys," said she, "do you know Aucassin, the son of Count Garin of Beaucaire?"

"We know him," said they.

"Then tell him there is a beast in this forest, and let him come and take it, for it is worth more than any ransom."

When they heard what she said and saw how beautiful she was, they thought her a creature from fairyland, come to bewitch them.

"You ask us to tell that story?" said one. "Bad luck to him who mentions this beast of yours. It is absurd."

"Now boys," said she, "do as I ask. See, I have five coins in my purse. Take them, and tell Aucassin about the beast. He must come hunting it within three days, or else he will never be happy."

"That may be so," said the shepherd. "We will take your money, and if Aucassin happens along this way, we will tell him."

"As God wills," said she, and went her way.

(Next week Mr. Erskine tells how Aucassin discovered Nicolette in the forest.)

Last of Mrs. Coogan's LONG VENGEANCE

They Brought It Down Upon Their Own High Hats, the Snobs Who So Cruelly Insulted Her, and She Let It Linger for 36 Years

By Charles Goddard

A LAWYER managed to penetrate recently into the presence of Mrs. Harriet Gardiner Lynch Coogan, an old lady recluse, living in an old New York hotel, where few of its employes have ever seen her. He broke the news to her that her 36-year-long revenge on the Society colony of Newport, R. I. must end at last with the demolition of her marble ghost palace, Whitehall.

"Enough is enough," the law had decreed.

The lush-plush generation whose cruelty had brought the vengeance down upon their high hats has passed from the scene and the court felt that the present generation should not be punished for something which had happened before most of them were born.

The cruel blow was struck one evening in the gay season of 1910, causing a young matron with tragic face to burst out of the mansion, blazing with its light, at the corner of Rhode Island Avenue and Catherine Street. Her social secretary called anxiously after her:

"But Mrs. Coogan, what shall we do about everything?"

"This house can rot to its roots," was the reply as Mrs. Coogan hurried away from her home, never to return, even for her many closetfuls of clothes. The secretary turned from the door to face servants, converging on her from all parts of the house—an army of them, with frightened faces like soldiers on a stricken field, who know their commander has fled.

There was the large staff of permanent servants, reinforced for this great event by extra waiters, cooks and assistants of various degrees, extra maids to man the powder rooms and two memory phenomenons who could return the right hat and the right mink coat to the right pair of shoulders, without any coat check, all supplied by Newport's top social caterer. The imposing dining hall glittered with silver and crystal, kitchen and pantry were stocked with delicacies, vintage wines stood in the ice buckets, row after row.

"I was afraid she was attempting too much, too soon," the secretary told them, "but this is horrible—it never happened before—it couldn't happen—unless it is a conspiracy. Nobody came at all, not one guest."

Just then, as if to contradict the statement, a score of young couples, in evening dress and seemingly to the manner born, added 40 more worried countenances to the throng. These were "reserves." For five dollars per head, a lot of money in those tax-free days, they stood ready to fill the chairs of as many as 40 guests who might fail to appear, the extreme limit, according to Mrs. Coogan's estimate.

It was a conspiracy.

Having recently bought Whitehall, which had been built by General van Rensselaer and once occupied by the Louis L. Lorillards, Mrs. Coogan had invited the very cream of the inner circle to her dinner. Had they all attended, the party would have been the social triumph of the season but only a top-ranking social leader of long standing could command such an attendance.

She was immensely rich — the owner of large tracts of New York real estate, including Coogan's Bluff, the present site of the New York Giants baseball park. On her mother's side, she was a descendant of the Gardiners of Gardiner's Island, which entitled her to social recognition. However, in the eyes of Newport's social arbiters, she had committed a faux pas when she married James J. Coogan, a friend of Richard Croker, the Tammany boss. No doubt, after a long period of probation, she would have been accepted, but it was considered presumptuous of her to give such an elaborate party so soon.

Somebody suggested that it would be a good joke if everyone would accept but nobody attend.

It was more than a joke and a lesson; it was social assassination.

The disaster was perhaps worse than that of a prima donna laughed from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. Next day a ripple of polite but cruel laughter would spread over Newport. Unable to endure that sound, Mrs. Coogan fled to the sanctuary of a New York hotel suite where privacy could be bought.

The jokesters were not surprised that their victim fled and wondered what member of the leisure class would occupy the place next. Little did they guess that it would not be the idle rich but the idle poor—tramps. Though Mrs. Coogan removed none of her treasures, others did, as word spread that the mansion had no caretaker. Silver, clothes, linens, objets d'art, rugs, furniture and even plumbing fixtures disappeared.

Hobo hieroglyphics, scrawled on the fluted columns, informed knights of the road that the palace was a safe flophouse. In 1911 one of these uninvited guests was careless with his match and the fire department found the place thoroughly gutted of everything stealable.

In the shrubbery-jungle, cats and dogs howled, barked and fought and tough characters loitering around the place made women afraid to pass there after dark.

Miss Maude Wetmore, leader of the old guard which strives bravely to keep up some of the colony's pomp of yesteryear, called the place an eyesore. It was more than that; it was a soulsore, a sign that the grand, old era was also crumbling.

It took the recent war to exorcise the ghost palace. When Captain Fred F. Rogers and Lieutenant Commander W. Ward Harvey, retired from the navy, led other neighbors in a legal assault on Whitehall, no longer white, it fell at last before the crowbars of housewreckers who carried its bones away. The cellar was filled in and the jungle and the weeds cut down.

The land is not for sale and probably never will be as long as a certain lady recluse remains on earth. Nevertheless, the festivities of the Newport Bourbons will probably have a less hollow sound now that Whitehall no longer watches with its broken eyes.

Where Astors and Vanderbilts Were to Have Gathered for the Social Triumph of the Newport Season, Tramps Made Themselves at Home and Took Whatever They Wanted.

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY

DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 Women can have LOVELIER SKIN IN 14 DAYS!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

Less Oily.....
Smoother, Younger looking...
Less Coarse-looking.....
Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
Less Incipient Blackheads.....
Fresher.....
Brighter, Clearer Color.....

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

P.S. For Tub For Shower Get the NEW, Big, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive!

"My linens show the value of havin' Super Suds' TWO-FISTED SUDS!"

"So much suds get things snowy white—and I don't even add anything strong!" says

Mrs. Louise Mueller

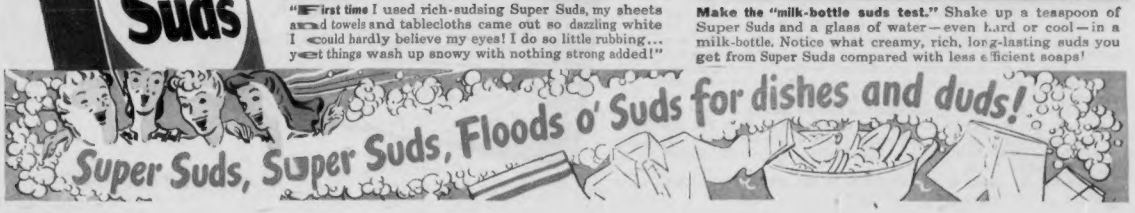
DON'T WASTE SOAP! *It uses scarce materials*

"B-L-O-N-D-I-E!" SUNDAY NIGHTS COLUMBIA NETWORK

"First time I used rich-sudsing Super Suds, my sheets and towels and tablecloths came out so dazzling white I could hardly believe my eyes! I do so little rubbing... yet things wash up snowy with nothing strong added!"

"Dorothy Ann, Mary Lou, and Margie Jean get their play clothes just grimy. But, with all those spunky, hard-working suds from Super Suds, stubborn dirt just doesn't have a chance!"

Make the "milk-bottle suds test." Shake up a teaspoon of Super Suds and a glass of water—even hard or cool—in a milk-bottle. Notice what creamy, rich, long-lasting suds you get from Super Suds compared with less efficient soaps!



ATOMIC MEDICINE

A New Field of Research Opens as Certain Types of Cancer Cells Are Found to Be Affected by Radioactive Iodine

From the Seat of the Thyroid Gland, in the Neck, Cancer Cells of a Peculiar Kind Spread Throughout the Body and the Patient Seemed Doomed. Then Radioactive Iodine Made Medical History.

The Geiger Counter Is a Wonder-Working Little Instrument Which Registers the Presence of a Radioactive Substance: Here It Reveals Radioactive Iodine Which Has Settled in the Thyroid Area.

The dramatic ability of radioactive iodine to overcome toxic goitre was revealed in the first article of this series last week. But that is only the beginning. Today the story of how this same atomic medicine conquers at least one form of cancer is described.

By Robert D. Potter

Science Editor

THE dramatic ability of radioactive iodine to overcome toxic goitre—revealed by The American Weekly last Sunday—indicates the benefits to humanity that can come when present Army "secrecy" restrictions are lifted on atomic energy.

The benefits can be even greater.

In at least one remarkable case this same radioactive iodine has arrested a special kind of cancer of the thyroid gland that had spread throughout the body.

It is too early to say that the victim has been cured. Doctors rightly shy away from the word "cure" in connection with cancer. The patient is alive, happy and in good spirits, however, after more than three years from the day he had his first drink of radioactive iodine.

The case was originally reported in the bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine. Here is that case history:

Back in 1922 a young man of 28 went to his doctor complaining of vague feelings of pressure in his throat. After many tests his condition was diagnosed as adenocarcinoma. This is a form of malignancy in which the cancer cells are arranged in the form of a gland. The cancer centered in the thyroid gland.

Medically, hope existed only if the thyroid gland could be removed by surgery. This operation was carried out and it was successful. For 15 years the patient felt quite normal.

In 1937, however, vague feelings returned and the patient began to develop symptoms of hyperthyroidism. His basal metabolism rate increased. He lost weight. He had the extra, dangerous drive of energy which a too-active thyroid gland can bring to the body.

Yet the patient had no thyroid gland, for that had been removed back in 1922. Nevertheless, the symptoms remained.

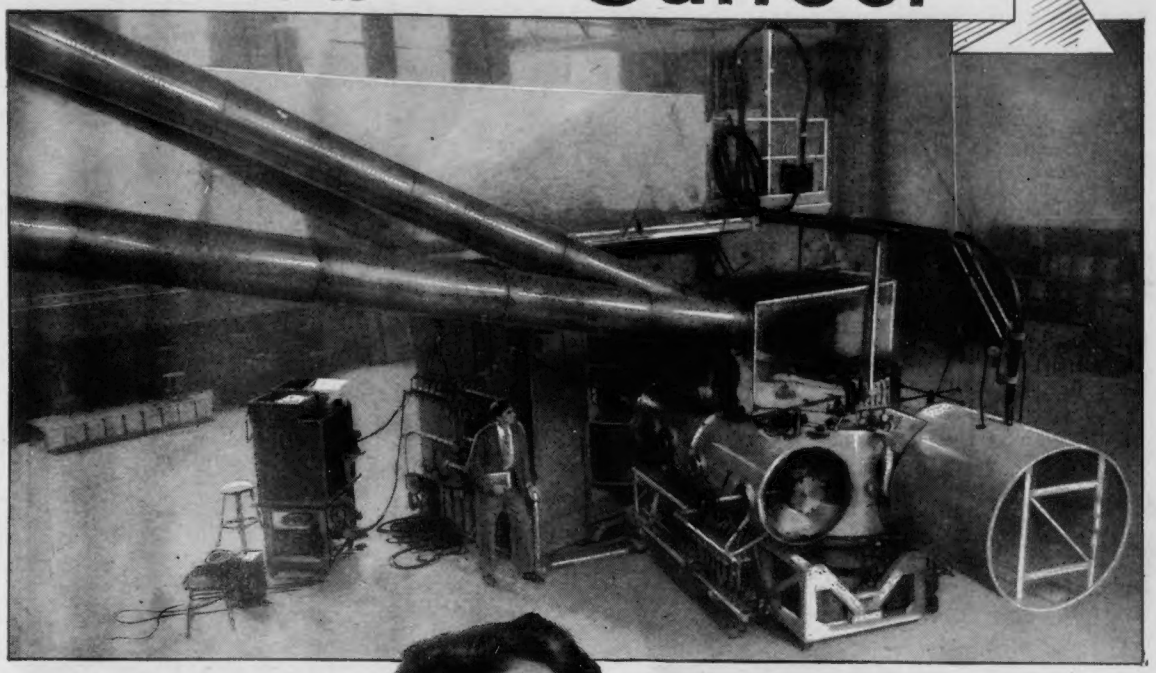
AN INTENSIVE medical examination was carried out. Doctors finally discovered that the adenocarcinoma had recurred and spread throughout the body. The cancer cells were acting like cells of a thyroid gland and supplying the hormones which produced the overactivity—the hyperthyroidism.

One site of the cancer infection was at the 12th thoracic vertebra of the spine. There the surgeons removed a tiny pulsating tumor. Other sites of the cancer infection were also found in the lungs, in the femur bone of the right leg, and in the second rib on the left side. As the disease spread the hyperthyroidism increased. Treatment with high voltage X-rays availed little.

Finally, in 1943, it was decided to try radioactive iodine

Illustrated by RALPH PEREIDA

—Curb for Cancer



The Only Radioactive Iodine Available Now Costs $1,600 a Dose Because It Takes a Cyclotron Such as This at the University of California to Make It. When Restrictions on Government-Made Radiation Are Lifted, the Cost Should Drop and the Use Grow Greatly.

made by bombarding the metallic element tellurium in the great cyclotron at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. By a transmutation of the elements the tellurium changes into a radioactive form of iodine that throws off piercing rays like those from radium.

In March, 1943, the patient had his first drink of the radioactive element in a glass of water. It was colorless and tasteless. It cost nearly $1,600.

As doctors had hoped this special kind of atomic iodine began to concentrate in the cancer cells—the cells behaving like a thyroid gland. Wherever the physicians had known a tumor was present, there they could detect the telltale radiations. Moreover they found three more tumors, hitherto undetected, including one in the groin and one in the skull.

Subsequent X-ray pictures confirmed the new complications.

The radioactive iodine, however, did more than merely indicate the site of the cancerous growth. When two more doses of radioactive Iodine were given—between May and August 1943—a major improvement was observed. The pain stopped. The basal metabolism rate fell from plus 35 to only plus 19; not quite normal but nearly so. The patient gained 15½ pounds in weight.

Most important the cancerous growths stopped growing.

They may be no smaller and they have not disappeared. But the patient is alive and happy.

X-Rays Failed, and the Patient's Cancer Cells Multiplied. As a Last Resort, Radioactive Iodine Was Prescribed. A Single Draught Produced a Change; a Second Draught, a Major Improvement.

THE essentials of this historic case were recently described before the American Cancer Society in New York by Professor Robley Evans of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the scientist who operated the cyclotron on which the radioactive iodine was produced. The original short report of the case was presented to the New York Academy of Medicine last fall by S. M. Seidlin, M.D. and L. D. Marinelli, M.A.

Dr. Seidlin is a New York physician. Mr. Marinelli is chief radiologist at New York Memorial Cancer Hospital. Dr. Seidlin's patient is now in Montefiore Hospital, Bronx, New York.

It is important, say physicians, to emphasize that the kind of cancer which has been treated with radioactive Iodine is a very special kind where the cancer tissues have the functional characteristics of a thyroid gland; that is, they give off secretions affecting body metabolism.

It cannot be concluded, state the physicians, that ordinary cancer of the thyroid gland itself can be similarly aided. In the end, when radioactive Iodine is more abundant so that it can be used on a variety of cases, it may turn out to be helpful here too.

The word abundance is the key to the whole future usefulness of radioactive Iodine and all the other radio-elements—like phosphorus, strontium, iron, carbon and the rest—which have proven their value in the treatment of diseases. Only when they become abundant for wide research and use can they bring benefits to mankind.

In their medical report of their case Dr. Seidlin and Mr. Marinelli state;

"At present total dosage is limited, not by medical considerations, but by the high cost of the radioctive Iodine isotope."

Since the present cost of treatment is nearly $1,600 a dose those words are understandable.

Such prices for radio-Iodine and the other comparable elements for medicine are not the result of any desire to hold up prices and make profits. They represent the tedious and laborious methods now used to make these rare substances.

M.I.T.'s cyclotron, where Professor Evans produced the radioactive Iodine for the cancer patient, cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to build. It requires crews of trained experts to operate it. It consumes enormous amounts of electric power to energize its magnetic coils.

Yet to make tiny, microscopic amounts of a material like radioactive Iodine this gargantuan atom smasher must be operated for five days and nights. No wonder radioactive Iodine today costs $1,600 a dose!

At the great generating "piles" of the atom bomb plants, where plutonium is made, there is a tremendous quantity of radiation of exactly the kind needed to create radioactive Iodine or any other element. It is there all the time and is now being wasted. Indeed it is a risk, for the workers must be protected from it.

When the iron curtain of censorship is lifted medicine can truly advance to new heights.

Next week The American Weekly will tell how atomic medicine is aiding the fight against dread leukemia.

JUSTICE

"Suicide," Said the Police, of Choir Singer Avis Linnell's Death. But the Nose-for-News of the Brash Young Boston American's Staff Smelled Something Else. "Murder!" They Shouted—and Proved It.

There In His Fiancee's Bedroom Police and Boston American Reporters Found What Was Left of That Fine, Brave, Handsome, Stalwart Figure of a Man—a Trembling, Cowering Wretch.

By Paul Gallico

CHAPTER II

"SUICIDE," said the Boston police, of the death of Avis Linnell, the lovely little ex-choir singer from Hyannis who took poison in the bathroom of Boston's Y. W. C. A., back in 1911, ostensibly upon learning that her fiance, the Rev. Clarence V. Richeson, pastor of Cambridge's fashionable Immanuel Church, had announced his engagement to one Violet Edmands of Chestnut Hill, Brookline.

"Suicide," echoed some staid newspapers, following the virtuous but unjournalistic line of the three little monkeys—"Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil."

"Suicide nothing! Murder!" shouted the brash, plucky men of the Johnny-Come-Lately Boston American, a then comparatively recent afternoon paper, and on the strength of the information unearthed by a corps of crackerjack reporters printed a series of trenchant questions:

What transpired between Avis Linnell and the Reverend Richeson when they lunched together the afternoon before the evening of the "suicide"?

Why did Richeson conceal his engagement to Violet Edmands from her?

Was it by accident or design that Avis read the news of this engagement at the "Y" between supper time and her death?

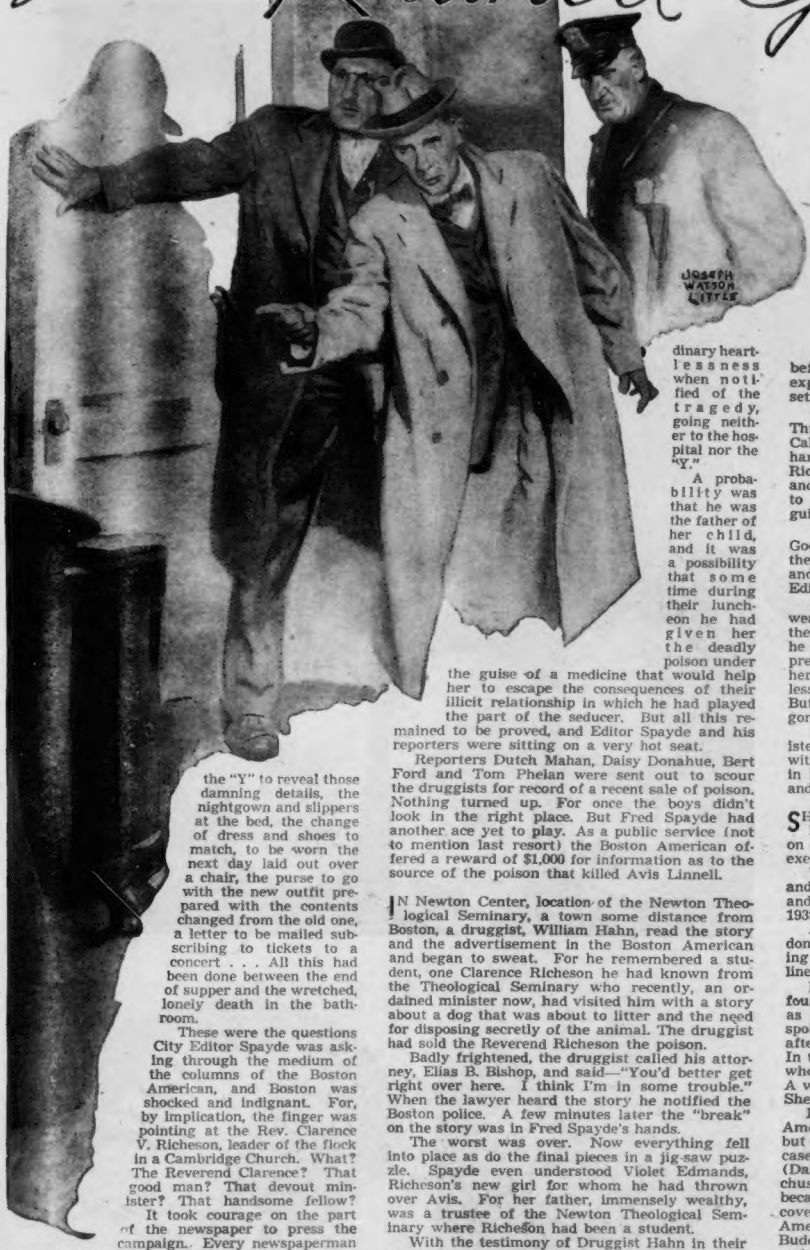
Where did Avis Linnell procure the poison with which she ended her young life, and when?

What about the time element? At six o'clock supper, according to friends living with her in the Association building, she was the happiest of girls. After supper, at seven, she read the, for her, tragic item in the Cambridge paper about her fiance's double dealing. She did not leave the building. At eight o'clock she was found dying of poison in the bathroom.

Why did she "commit suicide," sitting up in a chair in the bathroom with her feet in a bowl of hot mustard water, a dubious and indeed ridiculous specific recommended in those times as possibly helpful in cheating motherhood?

And above all, why had she made the little feminine preparations in her room which louder than words bespoke the fact that she fully expected to be alive the next day? For the tenacious reporters, Frank "Daisy" Donahue and Dutch Mahan, had finally broken down the matron of

for a Ruined Girl



the "Y" to reveal those damning details, the nightgown and slippers at the bed, the change of dress and shoes to match, to be worn the next day laid out over a chair, the purse to go with the new outfit prepared with the contents changed from the old one, a letter to be mailed subscribing to tickets to a concert . . . All this had been done between the end of supper and the wretched, lonely death in the bathroom.

These were the questions City Editor Spayde was asking through the medium of the columns of the Boston American, and Boston was shocked and indignant. For, by implication, the finger was pointing at the Rev. Clarence V. Richeson, leader of the flock in a Cambridge Church. What? The Reverend Clarence? That good man? That devout minister? That handsome fellow?

It took courage on the part of the newspaper to press the campaign. Every newspaperman knows that there is nothing in journalism quite as dangerous as to attack or single out an individual connected in an official capacity with an established church or religion. If this is true today it was even more so 30 years ago. City Editor Spayde and his assistant Schultz and the hierarchy above them that backed them up were way out on a limb even though nothing but questions based upon facts unearthed by the reporters were printed.

For the all-important link needed to connect the Reverend Richeson with a cold-blooded murder of an innocent girl was still missing.

FACTS were that a long and proven relationship existed between him and Avis, that he was a man whose climb toward a career in the ministry contained a serious flaw (his expulsion from college for cribbing) and that on the night his former fiancee had died he exhibited an extraordinary heartlessness when notified of the tragedy, going neither to the hospital nor the "Y."

A probability was that he was the father of her child, and it was a possibility that some time during their luncheon he had given her the deadly poison under the guise of a medicine that would help her to escape the consequences of their illicit relationship in which he had played the part of the seducer. But all this remained to be proved, and Editor Spayde and his reporters were sitting on a very hot seat.

Reporters Dutch Mahan, Daisy Donahue, Bert Ford and Tom Phelan were sent out to scour the druggists for record of a recent sale of poison. Nothing turned up. For once the boys didn't look in the right place. But Fred Spayde had another ace yet to play. As a public service (not to mention last resort) the Boston American offered a reward of $1,000 for information as to the source of the poison that killed Avis Linnell.

IN Newton Center, location of the Newton Theological Seminary, a town some distance from Boston, a druggist, William Hahn, read the story and the advertisement in the Boston American and began to sweat. For he remembered a student, one Clarence Richeson he had known from the Theological Seminary who recently, an ordained minister now, had visited him with a story about a dog that was about to litter and the need for disposing secretly of the animal. The druggist had sold the Reverend Richeson the poison.

Badly frightened, the druggist called his attorney, Elias B. Bishop, and said—"You'd better get right over here. I think I'm in some trouble." When the lawyer heard the story he notified the Boston police. A few minutes later the "break" on the story was in Fred Spayde's hands.

The worst was over. Now everything fell into place as do the final pieces in a jig-saw puzzle. Spayde even understood Violet Edmands, Richeson's new girl for whom he had thrown over Avis. For her father, immensely wealthy, was a trustee of the Newton Theological Seminary where Richeson had been a student.

With the testimony of Druggist Hahn in their possession the authorities became convinced that the Boston American had broken the suicide theory and moved into action. On the night of Oct. 19, five days after the death of Avis Linnell, the police accompanied by reporters from the American began to search for Richeson.

He was not at his home in Cambridge. The party hurried to the Edmands mansion in the exclusive Brookline section where they were admitted by Moses Grant Edmands, father of the girl whom Richeson was scheduled to marry in two weeks. And there in a bedroom they found a cowering wretch awaiting the law.

Police Deputy William B. Watts asked: "Are you Clarence V. Richeson?"

The man nodded.

"I have to inform you that you are under arrest for the murder of Avis Linnell, and I wish to warn you of your rights. Anything you say may be used against you. Have you anything to say?"

"I have nothing to say," said Richeson. Editor Spayde's job was done.

MOSES EDMANDS engaged Attorneys Philip R. Dunbar and William R. Morse in Richeson's defense. Up from Virginia (accompanied by Assistant City Editor Schulz, himself a Virginian) came Richeson's father bringing with him a Virginia lawyer, Col. John L. Lee. As the late District Attorney Joseph C. Pelletier set about building the state's case on the damning evidence unearthed and compiled by the Boston American, counsel for Richeson pleaded insanity.

A new sensation was to follow. A discharged prisoner who knew the value of information he possessed hurried from the Charles St. jail to the newspaper office on the morning of his release. Minister Richeson had performed an excruciating and abhorrent operation upon himself with the sharpened cover of a marmalade jar.

His cries of pain had brought guards running before he had completed the dreadful task of expiation. "Now I have confessed my sins and set myself right with my Maker," he said.

The trial was set for Monday, January 8, 1912. Three days before that date came the final break. Calling reporters to his office, Attorney Morse handed each a copy of a full confession signed by Richeson, beginning: "Deeply penitent for my sin and earnestly desiring, as far as in my power lies to make atonement, I hereby confess that I am guilty of the offense of which I stand indicted."

Laced with pious phrases and references to God and the lashings of remorse the confession then substantiated to the last detail the brutal and sordid story deduced and put together by City Editor Fred Spayde and his staff of reporters.

Moved by greed for the "catch" represented by wealthy Violet Edmands and further harassed by the condition into which he had got Avis Linnell, he had determined in cold blood to get rid of the pretty little choir singer forever. He had given her the deadly poison under the guise of a harmless drug that would "get her out of trouble." But like all criminals, he had slipped up and had gone too far with his instructions.

Nor had he known of or dreamed of the existence of a journeyman editor, Fred Spayde, with printers' ink flowing in his veins, sitting in his office, reading the account of the suicide and shaking his head.

SHORTLY after midnight of May 20, 1912, the Rev. Clarence V. Richeson took his last walk on earth. At 12:08 on May 21, he was dead in the execution chamber at Massachusetts State Prison.

Violet Edmands never married. She left Boston and for years devoted her life to social service and mission work in far places. In January of 1939, she died in New York at the age of 54.

And poor little Avis Linnell, traduced, abandoned and murdered? The epitaph of her undying love for Clarence Richeson is written in the lines—"She made no statement."

For it was 25 minutes from the time she was found until she died. And wracked and tortured as she was by the lethal dose she could have spoken. For when the poison struck, an instant after she had swallowed it, she must have known. In that awful moment between life and death the whole plot must have been crystal clear to her. A word would have implicated the man she loved. She never spoke it.

Fred Spayde, City Editor of the Boston Record-American, has been dead for more than a decade, but some of the great reporters who worked on the case have become famous in Boston. Frank J. (Daisy) Donahue is now a justice of the Massachusetts Superior Court. Walter (Dutch) Mahan became a free lance writer. Tom Phelan now covers the Federal Building for the Record-American, and Bert Ford is director of the Buddy's Club, the Junior Victory Army, and social recreation for the Record-American.

THE population of Boston is now 770,000. The circulation of the Boston Record-American is 541,780. Eight newspapers are published in Boston. All of them are doing very well because Boston people take pride in Boston culture and read a lot of newspapers to make up their minds. But the circulation of the Boston Record-American is a quarter of a million more than that of any other combination. This paper is proud of the fact that it started the Buddies Club—a great soldier's canteen—and is still keeping it open. The Record-American got 30 million dollars for a garage to be built under the Commons; 40 million dollars for a great airport pumped up out of the sea, and 50 million dollars for a port authority to bring back the clipper ship days.

Illustrated by JOSEPH WATSON LITTLE

So fine, so handy for picnics and parties

Kraft Cheese Spreads! They're delicious and so handy to put right in the picnic basket. Let everybody make his own wonderful sandwiches. That's *easy* on Mother—and patriotically eliminates the wasting of any bread.

Here's just one of *many* ways Kraft Cheese Spreads *fit in*—for fun-times, for every-day lunches at home. All seven of the Kraft Cheese Spreads are so tempting and so handy for summer sandwiches, party snacks and salads. Keep several of your family's Kraft favorites in the refrigerator all the time. It's a *quality* cheese spread if the label says "Kraft."

A marvelous salad dressing you whip up in a hurry with fresh-flavored Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese! Blend a 3-ounce package of this *most-famous* cream cheese with 3 tablespoons of orange juice. Add ½ tablespoon of sugar and ½ teaspoon of grated orange rind and *just taste that* on any fruit salad! For cream cheese *guaranteed* fresh be sure to see the brand name "Philadelphia" *printed* on the packages you buy.

Add a bright flavor touch to your favorite summer foods with tangy, golden Kraft Salad Mustard. It's smacking good, spread on cold meat cuts and frankfurters; blends zestfully into sauces and fillings for deviled eggs. For sharper tastes, serve Kraft Dusseldorf Style Mustard or that very snappy favorite, Kraft Mustard with Horseradish added. Get all 3 popular varieties.

"Golden Glory" is what you might call the smooth, rich sauce you make so easily with smooth-melting Velveeta. Simply melt ½ pound of this golden cheese food in the top of a double boiler. Gradually stir in ¼ cup of milk—and serve on any vegetable you want to be *extra* good-eating. It will be *extra* nutritious, too, for Velveeta adds high-quality, complete protein plus other important nutrients of milk.

The World's Favorite Cheeses are Made by the Men and Women of KRAFT

Copr. 1946 by Kraft Foods Company

"Now Will You Leave?" She Cried. When He Left He Was Carried Out — Dead.

Hurrying Back From Europe, He Found Her in Jail. "Honey," He Said, "It's Been a Long Time." He Believed Her Implicitly.

LOYALTY Builds A FUTURE

Young Major Stevens and His Beautiful Wife, Imogene, Begin Life Anew, Putting Behind Them the Past in Which Bullets From Her Gun Killed a Sailor

By William Engle and Joseph Crotty

INTO the cool dining room of the officers' club in Fort Benning, Georgia, the other night a couple strolled, the man tall and fair, the woman lithe and darkly beautiful. They nodded to a few friends and quietly took a table.

No eyes turned. No one whispered. No one murmured "manslaughter," nor in an undertone said, "She killed a sailor, you know."

To Major George Ralsey Stevens, III, and his young wife, Imogene, once called "the Texas bombshell," this was a moment long in coming. Sometimes, in the harrowing days since last summer, they'd wondered whether they'd ever find a refuge against a world that wouldn't let them forget tragedy.

At Fort Benning, they've found one. The youthful major is commanding officer of the permanent airborne jumping school. Imogene Stevens, his wife, is mistress of a trim brick cottage. The soldier's devotion has armored them against the past.

He has kept his word. "I believe you and I love you." He has made her safe from the memory of a sultry July midnight when three times she pressed the trigger of an automatic pistol, and then saw 19-year-old Seaman Albert Kovacs lie dying before her on the living room floor of a shingled Connecticut home.

To them, Fort Benning is a refuge from a hostile world. For miles on every side of it the red clay and scrub pine country of Georgia rolls baked and desolate to the low horizon. The army camp is an oasis.

Sometimes to the young major and his wife it is more than that. It is a place of their own in which to begin life over.

"Imogene, you're my wife. I put my faith in you. I always will. I know we can live down whatever happened last summer."

That is the way Major Stevens feels about it. Imogene Stevens—keeping house in the sunny cottage, talking a little of this and that with other officers' wives, playing dominoes with her husband, dropping in at the camp quarters for a cocktail or a game of bridge—agrees. So great the devotion of her husband, the past already begins to seem unreal, almost as unbelievable as it may be to the neighbors, here and there in the officers' colony, who have happened to hear of it.

Those who have heard of it never say so. Imogene Stevens moves among them with no critical glance upon her. The young major's loyalty has insured that.

"We just want to be ordinary people leading ordinary lives." That is his conviction. It is as though last summer for him and Imogene were blotted out.

That was the summer when, in Germany, he read in the Stars and Stripes that Imogene, whom he'd left in their neat, terraced home in sedate East Maple Street, New Canaan, Conn., had been jailed under $50,000 bail. It was the time when he got the leave, due him, and flew back to find her accused of manslaughter.

In the corridor of the New Canaan jail they met.

"Gee, Steve!" she cried.

"Honey," he said, "it's been a long time."

That's all the questioning he ever did. That is, none. She'd been out with neighbors for a few drinks of beer on the fatal night; this was established later. Her neighbors then had gone for a walk, and she'd seen a figure a little later in their home, next door to her own. Carrying a pistol given her long before by her husband, she had crossed a clipped lawn to investigate.

In the living room she'd found the boy, Seaman Kovacs, and his brother James, waiting as the brother said later for the neighbors' maid.

The stories after that were confused, though this is certain: Imogene fired three shots from the .25 calibre automatic.

"Now will you leave?" she demanded. But Seaman Kovacs was dead as his brother carried him to the porch.

Imogene went to the telephone, got police headquarters, and said: "I just shot a man. I thought they were housebreakers."

This was the story the State's Attorney believed, and had the case dismissed on "reasonable doubt." It was the account which Connecticut's Governor and its State Supreme Court believed later when they refused to reopen the case.

It is the story believed now (by those who know of the story at all) in the oasis amid the pines and clay of Georgia.

The young major has never faltered in his devotion. Now all he asks is that he and his wife be taken in their new world for what they are, young people like others, minding their own affairs, doing their best, trying to get along.

There's nothing in all their part of the continent to call them far away from the post. Columbus, Ga., the nearest town, sweltering in the dusty heat, offers little more exciting than a movie, and they have movies in camp. The camp's moderate social life pleases Mrs. Stevens; her husband's arduous duties and his responsibilities fill his working days.

He has applied for a permanent commission. They want to get custody of Imogene's child, born of an earlier marriage that ended in divorce and award of the baby to the father. They think an army post offers them the best of chances to live their own lives.

For the major, the army will be a career. At 24, he won the Bronze Star and two citations for "leadership, judgment and initiative." He's so able as commander of the school for paratroops that he's regarded now as valuable in peace as he was in war.

Imogene, who met him in 1943 at an army base in Nebraska, where she'd gone from Texas, likes the post, too. No whispers rustle there as in New Canaan.

Every night the tall, fair man comes home to her. He believes her and he trusts her. That's all that matters much to either one of them.

Life in an Army Camp in Peacetime Goes Smoothly—Dinner at the Officers' Club, a Cocktail, Dominoes.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

Spared by the War, the Cathedral Famous for Its Gargoyles Now Is Wasting Away With a Sort of Mineral Leprosy or Cancer.

Strange Twilight of NOTRE DAME

By Charles Robbins

THE famed Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, is falling to pieces.

A virulent disease is destroying its 700-year-old stones. Unless a cure is found quickly, alarmed scientists predict that the whole structure, a masterpiece of Gothic art and the real hero of Victor Hugo's novel, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," will disappear in 10 years.

Nor is Notre Dame the only sufferer. Other glories of French architecture, for generations Meccas of American tourists, are being attacked by the mysterious malady. Spared the devastations of war, they are wasting away in peacetime.

A sort of mineral leprosy, or cancer, is eating at them all. In some places it takes the form of big blisters on the building's surface; elsewhere, a black crust appears, blows up and then sloughs off carrying with it a layer of stone.

At Notre Dame, the sculptures of the doorway and spires have become spotted with sores.

The disease does not confine itself to surfaces alone; it also has struck deep into the cathedral's "flying buttresses," and soon they will collapse.

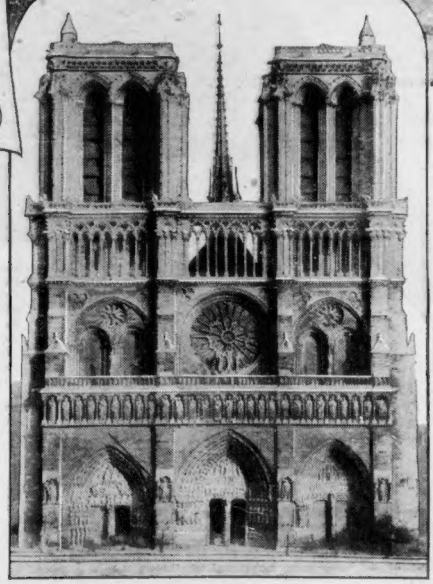
After three months of trying to find out why their most cherished monuments are ailing, French scientists have been unable to agree on a diagnosis, let alone a means of cure.

Afflicted Parisian landmarks include—besides Notre Dame—the Louvre Museum, the Abbaye de Cluny, the Palais Royal and three beautiful churches, Sainte-Chappelle, Saint-Germain-des-Pres and Saint-Martin-des-Champs.

In the north, the great cathedrals of Rheims and Amiens have been so seriously stricken that the Administration of Fine Arts is about to move their more important statuary and hide it.

The Cathedrale d'Tibi and the Theatre d'Orange, in the south, have fallen victim to the plague, as has the Cathedral of Nantes. Most seriously menaced is the Chateau d'Amboise on the Loire, one of the loveliest of French chateaux. The infection has penetrated even to the contents of museums; in the Louvre it has attacked precious Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities.

The fact that the first victim was Sculptor Bartholome's famous monument for the dead of World War I has not failed to impress the superstitious. Providence has caused the plague, they say; through the destruction of its works of art, mankind is being punished for its evil works.



Experts, After Studying Fragments Sloughed Off the Cathedral, Report That There Is a Germ in the Stone, and That the Disease First Attacks at One Point and Then Spreads.

Be that as it may, Bartholome's memorial was installed in Paris' Pere Lachaise cemetery in 1920. Seven years later it was noticed that the legs and arms of some of the figures had become gnawed and scabbed. Neither wind nor weather could be blamed, for the monument is protected.

During the next ten years other similar cases were observed. In 1938, the Ministry of Fine Arts had to begin repairs on the upper stories of the Louvre, where crumbling stonework was threatening passers-by. Various theories were put forward to explain the condition: erosion by rain, gas fumes from heavy traffic, acidulous smoke from factories, all were suspect.

The affected stones were restored, waterproofed, chemically treated, but the consequent improvement did not last. Indeed, during World War II, when both motor traffic and industrial activity were practically at a standstill, the malady developed a hundred times as fast as before.

The directors of state architecture formed a committee of eminent chemists, geologists, biologists, each approaching the problem from his own angle.

Their researches have resulted for the most part only in a mass of contradictions. It has been noticed that—contrary to the theory advanced to explain the damage to the Louvre—stones exposed to rain are, in fact, the least likely to be attacked. Other long established beliefs regarding influence of air, wind, frost and orientation had to be abandoned.

Hard stone, it was found, is less vulnerable as a rule than soft. Yet the Cathedral of Chartres, which is built of soft stone, is unscathed.

It also has been found that the oldest stones are not the most liable to infection. For instance, the repair work done on the Louvre in the 19th century has suffered badly, while some of the museum's original parts have remained untouched. Neither climate, the composition of the stone nor its age seem to be the real determining factors.

Dr. Pochron, of the Pasteur Institute, after studying a Notre Dame fragment, has reported the presence of a germ. A Mr. Formige, sent to examine the 1000-year-old Roman amphitheatre at Arles, observed that the disease attacks first at one point and then spreads over a widening area in the manner of a skin infection. The same observation has been made at Notre Dame, where new and healthy stones, used to replace diseased ones, soon became diseased.

Near the old hospital of Vienne, some well-preserved Roman ruins were exhumed a few years ago. In 1938 their stones were healthy. During a recent visit of inspection, it was discovered that the current plague had struck them.

Suspecting that special atmospheric conditions might have favored the breeding of Dr. Pochron's germs, the Weather Bureau now has added its facilities to those already mobilized in what has grown into the biggest and toughest job of scientific detection France ever has undertaken.

Will a remedy be found?

As a Souvenir of your Service over there!

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Putting the Maid Under Contract

NO MEDIATORS, no conciliators, no picket lines and no lawyers have anything to do with hundreds of labor contracts being signed in Chicago these days.

Only two people are involved in each contract, because only two people are involved in the job—the housewife and her maid. Yes, maids are working under the provisions of formal labor contracts now. If thousands of stockholders can make agreements with thousands of workers, say sponsors of the new idea, why can't a housewife sign a contract with her maid?

It all started when the Household Employers League of the Chicago Young Women's Christian Association realized that the field of domestic servants is drastically undermanned. The reason, they figured, was a combination of factors, with wages and working conditions right at the top of the list.

In addition to the shortage of housemaids and cooks, many housewives have had to put up with lazy, sloppy and shiftless domestic help.

The league set out to raise the standards of domestic service, hoping to attract more qualified persons to the field.

Does it work? Lillie Mae Add thinks so. She now has a signed contract with Mrs. Ralph B. Bettman, her employer. Lillie Mae, according to this agreement, receives $25 a week minimum wage. She has four of the eight nationally recognized holidays. She works a 54-hour week, with extra pay for overtime.

Lillie Mae gets a week's vacation with pay every year. If Mrs. Bettman decides to get along without her, she gets a week's notice. It is understood that she has the right to be considered for a raise, at least one a year.

Lillie Mae cooks and serves three meals a day, but she doesn't have to worry about planning the meals or marketing. She doesn't have to wash, and does very little cleaning except on Saturdays.

Mrs. Bettman's two children might as well not exist, as far as Lillie Mae's contract is concerned, and that business of dishing up a little snack in the evening is out, too.

What about the lady of the house? Mrs. Bettman has a contract too. Lillie Mae has agreed, over her signature, not only to apply herself faithfully to her job for 60 minutes of every hour she's on duty, but also to make a conscientious effort to improve her efficiency in her work.

Lillie Mae must be neat in her appearance, and will adjust herself to the household, rather than attempt to make everything revolve around her. If she decides to quit, Mrs. Bettman is given a week's notice.

Of course, agreements vary. Maids "living in," for example, work 54 hours a week and are guaranteed a private room, access to a bath, and an adequate diet. If they are on call—not actually working but on hand to answer the doorbell or telephone, they are paid one hour's wage for every two hours. Maids "living out" eat on their own time, work only 48 hours a week, and have a prescribed schedule.

The pay of part-time domestic servants, who are also eligible for these agreements, ranges from 25 to 50 cents an hour for baby sitters to as high as a dollar an hour for cooks.

At the beginning, the league had some complaints. Some housewives maintained that the wages are too high for girls fresh from the farm. Some maids protested that the rate for skilled domestic servants was too low in many cases.

The league pointed out to the housewives that this rate was set high enough to induce girls to enter domestic service, a dwindling occupation, and soothed the maids with the assurance that the wages set were for minimum rates only and they could get as much more as the housewife cared to give them. Many maids who are trained in their work get $40 a week in Chicago.

Another angle is that these formal agreements give a dignity to the domestic servant's profession. In Massachusetts, where both Boston society leaders and members of the Women's Trade Union League are doing something about the servant problem, the "slave relationship" of domestics to employers was discovered to be the main reason why young women did not choose domestic service as a career.

A bill now in the Massachusetts Legislature first of all dignifies the work of the maid by calling it a profession, and then sets up wages, hours, sick benefits, social security and other advantages. It was filed by Representative Florence Cook.

This bill would also outlaw heavy manual work, guarantee a $25 minimum weekly wage for experienced help, give Saturday afternoon and Sunday off, and time and a half for overtime. The employer will benefit, the bill's sponsors say, by the health provisions, which are especially designed to maintain good health standards among domestics.

Two cities, Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Md., now have legislation dealing with labor standards for domestic workers.

These bills, designed primarily to give the maid a break, also have the effect of bringing more young women into domestic work. Many housewives who just can't get domestic help at any price right now are wholeheartedly in favor of domestic-service legislation.

The housewives of Chicago aren't waiting for labor legislation. They are taking the whole field of labor relations right into their own hands.

Legislators and mediators, business agents and shop committees, efficiency experts and labor-management executives—they were all conspicuously absent when Mrs. Bettman and Lillie Mae signed their formal labor agreement.

Because of the Shortage in Competent Domestic Labor, Laws Regulating Servants' Employment Exist or Are Pending in Many Parts of the U. S., but Mrs. Ralph B. Bettman, Below, of Chicago, and Lillie Mae Add, Her Maid, Took Labor Relations Into Their Own Hands and Signed Each Other Up.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 16

MAKE DAD GLAD WITH PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

He Promised to Be Good and the British Let Him Reign On, but He Did Good Badly and That Was Too Much.

Sad Mistake of the MISCHIEVOUS MAHARAJAH

HE HAD "broken his parole to the Paramountcy of the Crown" (if you know what that means).

His Highness Bandvesh Sir Gulab Singh Ju Deo Bahadur, G. C. I. E., K. C. S. I., Maharaj-rah of Rewa ruler of a state twice the size of Wales, with 2,000,000 subjects and fabulous private wealth, knows what it means.

It caused him to be tossed out of his medieval palace, with only one roll of bedding, one piece of luggage and two servants.

Rewa is one of 652 autonomous states which contain about one third of India's 440,000,000 inhabitants and is one of Britain's chronic headaches.

Many deep and mysterious happenings caused Viceroy Lord Wavell to dethrone the potentate—but only a few high spots are known.

Some seven years ago a tearful, native widow prostrated herself before the British Agent of Rewa, accusing the Maharajah of the murder of her two sons.

The oldest son, Uma Prasad, who had been personal aide to the ruler of Rewa, disappeared. The only explanation given was that he had gone away. The next oldest son, Shankar Prasad, got a job in the palace.

But he disappeared, too, with the same explanation. The bereaved mother then appealed to the British Agent, who promised to investigate.

A year passed with no sign of activity; from which the discouraged woman concluded that her appeal had been pigeon-holed. She was mistaken. Investigators for the Crown were working on the mystery.

It was a cold trail they followed, through a palace with acres of gorgeously decorated halls and chambers, including a throne room, with its gadi or throne, glittering with jewels worth more than a million dollars. Below it were vaults holding millions more in gold and silver, but mostly in unset gems. Beneath and around the vaults were ancient prison cells and torture chambers.

Until the coming of the British rule, it had been the privilege of the Durbars, or Princes, to imprison, torture or kill anyone.

If two murders had been committed within that ancient fortress-palace, there had been ample time to destroy all evidence. Investigators found no corpus delicti.

The treasurer opened his vaults and his books, which purported to show that an accounting, made shortly after each of the Prasad boys had "disappeared," revealed a large shortage in diamonds and rubies. The Maharajah suggested the simple explanation that the two had robbed their master and fled. A few employes supported the robbery theory, but cross-questioning revealed too many discrepancies. There was nothing to do but drop the charges.

However, something else was brought to light against His Highness the Durbar. He had bribed one Baldeo Singh to steal records of the case and was convicted of espionage. Though this was hardly enough to warrant deposing a Prince, nevertheless, due to the suspicion of murder in the background, the Maharajah was warned that he would continue to reign only pending good behavior. He promised to be good but he did good badly.

The Maharajah's resentful Oriental mind conceived a scheme by which he would practice what the British preached, but in such a way that they would beg him to stop being good. First he built roads and bridges, then schools and even a tiny college.

Perhaps His Highness laughed in his sleeve when the Viceroy praised him publicly, saying that India's masses must be educated

Last October, without consulting his Board of Councillors or the State Resident, as he had been ordered to do on all political matters, the Maharajah issued an edict, conveying full rights of popular government.

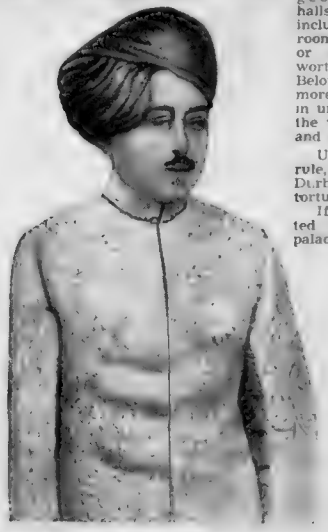
If Rewa's ruler can be called fabulously rich, then the vast majority of his subjects are fabulously poor and ignorant, without any political know-how. Also he abolished the caste system. This too is a British aim, but exploding it now would make trouble in all the other states and the wrath would be directed against the Crown, to whom the Maharajah gave full credit for the idea.

When the Council protested his edicts, His Highness incited riots

When the British called him to account, as soon they must, the Maharajah would have them on the spot, in the long series of public hearings which he foresaw. He could tell the world that he was being punished for educating his people, giving them freedom, abolishing intolerance and inequality—why they actually would not let him give away his vast fortune. He would be a hero; they would look like hypocrites. Surely they would settle with him quickly.

They did just that, but not as the wily Maharajah had expected. He had forgotten one rarely-used peremptory power in the Indian Constitutional set-up, "the Paramountcy inherent in the Crown," which permits the summary deposing of a Durbar for breach of agreements or gross misrule or misconduct. The Maharajah of Rewa had breached several agreements, including that of going over the heads of his Council. Therefore out he went without ceremony or oratory.

When He Broke His Parole to the Crown, the British Tossed Him Out of the Palace on His Princely Ear, With Only His Bedding and a Suitcase.



His Highness Bandvesh Sir Gulab Singh Ju Deo Bahadur, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., Maharajah of Rewa—There Was Neither Ceremony nor Oratory.

Illustrated by TONY VARADY

Rita Hayworth in the new Columbia Picture "GILDA" with GLENN FORD

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The GREAT

Equipoise and Chase Me Were in the Rear Around the Back Stretch, but Rounding the Turn They Moved Up. Then, at the Five-Sixteenths Pole Chase Me Started to Cut Loose. With a Tremendous Burst of Speed He Was Forging Ahead, Equipoise at His Side, When He Stumbled, Threw a Somersault and Tossed His Rider as the Rest of the Pack Thundered By.

By Dan Parker

THAT remarkable grand slam scored by the distaff side in the two big stake events at Santa Anita last winter focused attention sharply on the gold, glory and glamour to be won by women in racing. But all isn't floral horseshoes and proud parades to the winners' circle for members of the gentler sex who invade this preponderantly masculine stronghold. Just as inexorably as love itself, the turf exacts its toll of bitter aches from tender female hearts.

Lord Byron could have been thinking of the deep attachments women form for race horses when he wrote:

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Heartless women, it's true, are to be found among the ranks of those who own racing stables, just as there are females whose finer instincts in affairs of the heart are numbed by cold commercialism. But most horsewomen lavish affection on the noble beasts and often pay in sorrow the price the game ruthlessly demands of all who follow it. A notable example of this was the case of Mrs. Elizabeth Bosley and her great gelding, Chase Me.

Mrs. Bosley, a Maryland woman of gentle birth, inherited her love for horses. Her father, Richard Cromwell, had owned a stable of trotting horses, and she had her own saddle horse almost as soon as she learned to walk. Brought up among horsemen, it was only natural that she should marry one. Her husband, John Bosley, Jr., trained hunters and jumpers for the Maryland fox-hunting set. Most horsey folk are wealthy. The Bosleys, however, lived in modest circumstances on a farm near Monkton, Md.

In 1929, when Oilman Harry Sinclair's stable was being dispersed following the suspension of all his horses by the Jockey Club in a doping case, Mr. Bosley bought a mare named Mayanel at the sale in partnership with Rigan McKinney, the gentleman jockey.

Mayanel, which was in foal at the time to the great Sinclair stallion, Purchase, soon thereafter bore a spindle-legged little fellow whom the Bosleys named Chase Me. Mrs. Bosley, who trained horses as skilfully as her husband, took the lanky, weak-kneed little foal in hand and took charge of his upbringing with as much care and affection as she devoted to her two daughters and son. Because of defective knees which veterinarians told Mrs. Bosley would prevent the colt from ever becoming a successful race horse, she had him gelded and decided to keep him as a saddle horse and pet for her children and herself.

There was never such a thoroughbred as Chase Me. Mrs. Bosley's children, Sara, Jackie and Betty, taught the gentle gelding to do everything but write. He would rear up on his hind legs and beg for food, roll over when ordered, or play dead. The trick that appealed most to visitors was his habit of kissing them after they handed him a lump of sugar.

Sara Bosley, then 16, rode Chase Me in many horse shows and won enough blue ribbons to paper the walls of her bedroom. Thus the pet horse led an idyllic existence, romping knee deep in Maryland clover, when he wasn't frolicking with the Bosley children. By the time he had become a four-year-old, he was a beautiful looking animal. Then one day, Mrs. Bosley needed a trial horse for her racer, Lord Johnson, who was in training. A trial horse is one used to set the pace for another. Thoroughbred racers need competition to bring out their best. No other horse being available at the moment, she asked an exercise boy to saddle Chase Me and set a pace for Lord Johnson during his workout that day.

Chase Me, which the veterinarians had said would never make a good race horse, was an immediate failure as a trial horse. He set a pace so fast for Lord Johnson that the seasoned campaigner couldn't catch up with him. Astonished, Mrs. Bosley used Chase Me as a pace-setter for better horses, each time with the same result. None of them could catch the gelding. After each of these trials, Chase Me, ignoring the exercise boy's rein tugs, would make a bee line for Mrs. Bosley and whinney for the lump of sugar he knew would be his reward. To him the pacing chore was just another trick for which he'd be rewarded with the

Miss Ethel Hill, Right, With Her Friend, Mrs. Adams, and Jockey Arcaro Just After Miss Hill's War Knight Won the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap.

Racing GAMBLE

They Made a Family Pet of the Spindle-Legged Little Fellow Because They Said He Could Never Race. But He Did—and Died Just on the Verge of a Big Victory

Illustrated by
E. F. WARD

little white cube of that stuff which tasted so nice.

Mrs. Bosley, now realizing for the first time that she had a potentially great race horse as well as a remarkable pet, entered him in a cheap race at Havre de Grace. Chase Me, off slowly, gathered speed as the race progressed and closed with a rush that left the nearest horse 20 lengths behind him. Most race horses go to the track as two-year-olds. Their three-year-old campaign is usually their best. Here was a four-year-old in his maiden race running away from all his competitors, as if he had been racing for two years.

Mrs. Bosley entered her prize against faster company the next time, with the same result. Chase Me made the rest of the field do just that. As the gelding won each successive test against better competition, Mrs. Bosley, collecting the modest purses that just about defrayed training expenses, began to have hopes that Chase Me would be the source of the money so badly needed to keep the Bosley household out of the red. Three growing children attending good schools can drain a heavier purse than the Bosleys.' Certainly all the kindness they had lavished on the gelding merited such a story book reward.

BY THE time Belmont Park had opened for the 1934 season, Chase Me, unbeaten in seven starts and now a five-year-old, loomed up as the only serious challenger in the field for Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney's great stake horse, Equipoise, in the Metropolitan Handicap. Twice Equipoise had won this stake and now for the third successive year was the favorite to take it again. Mrs. Bosley had entered Chase Me in this event against the best advice of friends who thought that Equipoise was invincible and that it would be foolish for her to risk the thousands her now famous gelding would win for her in other stake events for which she had entered him. Mrs. Bosley wouldn't listen. She was convinced by now that Chase Me could take Equipoise's measure. The Whitney star was asked to carry 132 pounds but despite this great burden, such was the public's faith in Equipoise that he was made a 7 to 10 favorite. Chase Me, carrying 123 pounds, opened at 6 to 1 but when it was announced that Mack Garner, who had been originally named to ride the gelding, had been replaced by Fred Slate, a steeplechase rider who had little experience on the flat, the price soared to 10 to 1. Garner, who had ridden Cavalcade to victory in the Kentucky Derby a few weeks previously, had to withdraw from the Metropolitan because his riding buddy, Dominick Belizzi, also employed by Mrs. Dodge Sloan, had been fatally injured when thrown by Psychic Bid a short time before this at Jamaica. Mrs. Sloan wouldn't permit any of her riders to accept a mount until after Belizzi's funeral. Thus did the Turf start to exact its toll. Slate wasn't wise to the tricks of the flat jockeys but Mrs. Bosley, sitting tight-lipped in her box, her field glasses focused on the starting line, had the same blind faith in him that she had imposed in Chase Me.

As the barrier was sprung, Chase Me, as usual, was caught napping. He was always a slow starter as he hadn't been schooled in the art of breaking fast as a juvenile. But he had good company. Equipoise was just ahead of him. Both horses were in the rear of the pack around the back stretch, but rounding the far turn they moved up until hardly a length separated the front horse from the rear. Then, at the five-sixteenths pole, Chase Me started to cut loose. With a tremendous burst of speed he was forging ahead, Equipoise right at his side, when he was seen to stumble, throw a somersault and toss his rider as the rest of the pack thundered past him.

A woman's scream sounded above the excited roar of the crowd as the horses pounded down the home stretch. Mrs. Bosley, her face a picture of anguish, rushed from her box, forced her way through the milling crowd in front of the huge grandstand to the rail and, fighting her way under it, ran down the racing strip over which the horses had just thundered, to the spot where Jockey Slate lay on the ground. Assuring herself that he had merely been stunned, she turned toward her pet. A familiar whinney told her he had recognized her, but the look of anguish in his eyes told another story, as a track attendant led him through an opening in the shrubbery into the infield. Mrs. Bosley bounded across the track, threw her arms around Chase Me's neck as the animal, one foreleg dangling crazily, hobbled behind the groom. A curtain of green shut out the denouement of the drama from the now silent crowd which, oblivious of Equipoise, being led back, apparently to victory, to the winner's circle, was intent on what was happening at the other end of the stretch. The muffled report of a pistol shot followed by a woman's cry told them all. It didn't matter much any more, that Equipoise, winner by three lengths, had been disqualified and the Metropolitan awarded to Mr. Khayyam. The crowd was stunned by the tragedy it had witnessed.

Mrs. Bosley, utterly crushed, found a greater ordeal awaiting her. She had to break the news to her three children that their pet was on his last ride back to Fox Hill Farm. There, the next day, the Bosleys, red-eyed from weeping, gathered around a pit and watched the gentle gelding being lowered into the earth.

The year after the Chase Me tragedy, the Jockey Club issued a trainer's license to Mrs. Bosley, one of the first women thus honored, and she became a successful trainer. For a time she conditioned the string of Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, whose entry ran one-two in the Santa Anita Derby last February, a few weeks before horses owned by three different women had run one-two-three in the Santa Anita Handicap.

Tragedy had marked Mrs. Bosley, however, for one of its own. On a December afternoon in 1940 while she was motoring back to Fox Hill Farm, her car skidded and she was killed.

THE recent successes of Mrs. Graham and the windfall that came to Miss Ethel Hill, a movie writer whose horse War Knight won the Santa Anita Handicap, make horse racing seem like a fairy tale life for all who participate in it; but for every success story like these, there's a tragedy such as Mrs. Bosley's to offset it. The Turf inexorably takes its toll, as even lucky Mrs. Graham found out a few days before the recent Kentucky Derby when a fire at the Arlington race track destroyed a half million dollars' worth of her two-year-olds in five minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bosley and Her Daughter Sara at Belmont Track Not Long Before Mrs. Bosley's Death.

"Look, mommy, my favorite dress is TWINS!"

"*What a surprise,*" says Patty's mother, "when Patty discovered a dress in the store just like the one she was wearing!

"I was tickled! Patty's old dress—bought months before—looked just as bright and pretty as the new one on the model! Ivory Flakes Care gets the credit for *that!* Let me tell you how it pays to care for youngsters' washables—and your own—with this pure, mild flake soap . . ."

How to have nice things come in pairs!

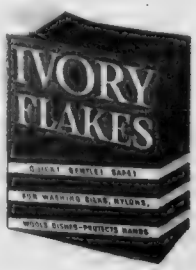
"With gentle care and Ivory Flakes," continues Patty's mother, "one dress can often give the wear of two. It's a fact—proved by slews of wash tests on children's things, cuddly sweaters, curtains, fine undies.

"So steer clear of washday soaps and methods. It's easy to keep precious washables lovely longer the Ivory Flakes way . . ."

Gentleness . . . can double it!

Ivory Flakes, you know, is the fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory soap. Patty's mother tells you the rule to follow if you want all your washables to stay lovely up to twice as long . . .

"Swish undies and stockings through gentle Ivory Flakes suds after *every* wearing. But don't stop there! Wash bright dresses and other sudsables carefully and *often* in lukewarm water and gentle Ivory Flakes! See the difference for yourself!"



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Make 'em last! Ivory Flakes contain
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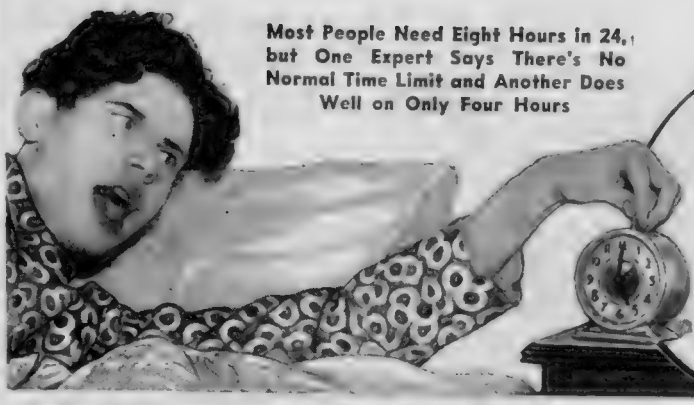

Most People Need Eight Hours in 24, but One Expert Says There's No Normal Time Limit and Another Does Well on Only Four Hours

HOW LONG *Do you have* TO SLEEP

By Frank G. Langrock

SLEEPING eight hours a day is a waste of time. It's four hours too much. So says Richard W. Elsasser, six-foot, 19-year-old theology student at Boston University.

Elsasser, a concert organist, had a schedule of almost 20 hours of work a day during the school week—leaving but four hours for sleep. Nevertheless, he not only has a brilliant preaching record at school, receives As in all his school work, but is in good physical condition.

To most people who require the average eight hours' sleep to keep up health and vigor, getting along with a steady diet of only four hours sleep seems incredible.

Some scientists, however, do not find Elsasser's record surprising. Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago, authority on sleep, says there is no more normal duration of sleep for children or adults than there is a normal heart rate, weight or height. The amount of sleep required to satisfy body needs varies with each individual. Some require more. Some less.

It is even possible to stay awake three or four days at a time without harming the body. (You'll need a watcher though, to see that you don't doze.) In one of his experiments, Dr. Kleitman remained awake for 100 hours and submitted himself to a series of mental and physical tests to check on the effects of loss of sleep. At another time, with the benefit of a stay-awake drug, he lasted as long as 180 hours before dozing. After a 12-hour sleep at the end of the test period, he was restored.

Thomas Edison is often mentioned as the classic example of the "sleep-cheater." In order to find time enough to crowd his many activities into 24 hours, he learned to content himself with less than four hours daily sleep. However, he is reputed to have mastered the trick of turning sleep on and off at will. Whenever an opportune or dull moment arose, he would snap the mental switch and turn on a catnap.

Potter Palmer, who founded Chicago's famous Palmer House and built an $8,000,000 fortune, was a catnapper, too. Even in his later years, he insisted on working a long day, with an interlude now and then when he would stretch out on a horsehair sofa in his office, a billiard ball in his hand. He would doze, but if full sleep overtook him, he would drop the ball. The sound would arouse him, and he would pop back into a financier's routine.

Whether Elsasser manages to sneak in a few minutes of quick shut-eye each day is not known. However, unless he cheats a little by an occasional "nod" in class, there is no time left for anything but work.

Here's his schedule for a day:

5:00 a.m. Rises promptly (An alarm clock has been set but he wakes up before it goes off.)

5:00-5:20 a. m. Washes, dresses, shaves.

5:20-7:30 a. m. Works on original musical compositions. He recently completed a "Phantasie a la Moderne in C Major Opus 21" for the organ.

7:30-8:15 a. m. Reserved for school work. Reviews for the day's tests and last minute cramming.

8:15-12:30 Attends four morning classes and also plays organ for mid-morning chapel service.

12:30-1:20 He eats a hearty meal his only meal of the day.

1:20-3:00 More classes.

3:00-3:30 Library work. Consults reference books.

3:30-5:00 Teaches a few advanced organ pupils.

5:00-6:00 Catches up on odds and ends of the day's work. Occasionally uses this time for recreation, such as ping-pong, etc.

6:00-7:15 Dictates letters to stenographer concerning concert tours.

7:15-9:30 Studies schoolwork.

9:30-1:30 (And often to three a. m.) Organ practice or a concert.

On Saturdays Elsasser varies his program and flies to New York where he confers with his concert manager and presents an organ concert which is broadcast and he later flies back to Boston. Saturday night is spent with friends. On Sundays, he gets up at 6:30, goes to church to preach, then resumes his schedule.

What this busy student would seem to need is a longer day. Such a day was devised a few years ago by Dr. Kleitman in an experiment on sleep performed in Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. The scientist was interested in finding out whether all of our activities are conditioned by the sun and the 24-hour day—and how the body would react to increasing the length of the day to 28 hours.

Living for five weeks in the cave, he and an assistant used a "28-hour clock." They stayed awake 19 hours and slept 9. Dr. Kleitman had difficulty keeping to the artificial cycle, but his partner took it with ease.

Dr. Kleitman concluded that the position of the sun, the moon, or night and day have no measurable effect on the body's sleep cycle.

Richard W. Elsasser, 19-Year-Old Theology Student and Concert Organist, Rises at Five for a 20-Hour Workday and Thrives on It.

Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, at Instrument, and an Assistant Lived a 28-Hour Day for Five Weeks in Mammoth Cave to See If Night and Day Affect the Body's Sleep Cycle.

Like Thomas A. Edison, Potter Palmer of Chicago Was a Confirmed Cat-Napper. When He Stretched Out on a Sofa in His Office, He Held a Billiard Ball in His Hand. If He Fell Sound Asleep, the Ball Dropped and Woke Him, and He Went Back to Work.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

PART I

A Blonde—a Svelte and Spanish Siren—a Dainty Little Trick With Exquisite Legs—Each Would Walk Slowly, Slowly Toward the Center. As She Reached It She Would Pause, Waiting—Waiting—for That One Word, "You."

Rich Girls, Poor Girls, Short, Tall, Brunette, Blond—They All Had the Haunting Quality That Stamped the Follies Girl, and It Was They Who Originated GLAMOUR

THE GIRLS WHO *Glorified* ZIEGFELD

I DON'T know exactly why, in this day and age

I should be writing stories about Follies girls. I didn't in the beginning, and pleased with the editorial The American Weekly wanted me to write stories about Follies girls. But he was my boss when I was a very young reporter, which is quite a few years ago, and the habit of doing what he tells me to do is one I have never been able to break. So I did have the temerity to say, "Why? Why Follies girls in 1938?"

The editor pokes me that look which has put the quake into such hardy spirits as Charlie MacArthur, Ben Hecht, Gene Fowler, Sweeting and Mayo, and scatters all those people like a bridge deal.

But when you come right down to it it is [illegible] And that is the eternal question. Why do girls look at themselves in the mirror, and then put on the pearls and the ermine and Mainbocher and Molyneux and Hattie Carnegie and Mainbocher and Mary Brown and come to Ziegfeld Follies? Or before a Follies girl became a social success? Or before it was a passport to a social career? Or does she do it for the love of it? What is the answer? What was a Follies girl? What does it mean? What is the outstanding legend?"

It is time to tell the story of a great era. To write about them, read about them, is to step into a past that was gay and unrepulsed. Time before like Thursday in 1929, before Pearl in 1929 before Dec. 7th, 1941, a time we don't appreciate so much when we were in it.

There has been nothing like them, ever.

My youngest son sometimes says to me, "Mom you still think Babe Ruth was better than Joe DiMaggio, don't you? You still think Jack Johnson could have licked Joe Louis."

And I say, "Yes, my son, and Jack Dempsey too and maybe four of them in the same event."

[illegible] a capital "F" [illegible] gan with Jessie Reed. THE Follies girl.

Or at least every [illegible] of ten picks Jessie Reed.

Also these were Mr. Ziegfeld's favorites: Olive Thomas, Marilyn Miller, Lilyan Tashman, Nita Naldi, Ina Claire, Virginia and Meredith Howard, who were identical twins, Ruth Morgan, Ruby Keeler, Hazel Forbes—just to mention a few offhand.

They blossomed in the boom days before the crash. The young men about town of that day didn't make the first tanks if they didn't have a friend in the Follies, and the old Amsterdam boasted a crew of stage door johnnies never equaled before nor since. Such Social Register and Dun and Bradstreet names as William Guggenheim, Bertrand Taylor, William Rhinelander Stewart, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Anthony Drexel Biddle, E. F. and Frankie Hutton (Barbara Hutton's papa), Jules Glaenzer, of Cartier's, Jack Warburton and the Maharajah of Kapurthala, at that time the richest Indian Prince in the world, were among those present when the show let out.

Mr. Florenze Ziegfeld, who alone invented the Follies girl, paid them an average of $75 weekly.

But the Follies girls used Rolls Royces, orchids, diamond bracelets, sable, mink, ermine and chinchilla coats, and suites at the Ritz with the greatest aplomb, and if anyone gave a party for them—and some astounding people, including Edward F. Swinburg, did—they took emeralds or at least a thousand dollar bill instead of a gold vanity case for granted as favors.

I remember a Follies girl who arrived at Atlantic City for the tryouts in an expensive open car, with a chauffeur and maid. That night I saw her stepping into her Rolls Royce town car—and later she explained that she liked an open car for road driving but, of course, you had to have a closed car to go back and forth to the theatre for rehearsals.

Actually she was a very friendly, simple girl who had been a waitress.

Press Agents, Performers, Critics—Finally They Say: "If There Was THE Follies Girl, I Guess It Was Jessie Reed."

Who were they? Where did they come from? Where did they go? How were they selected these fabulous and legendary girls whose name became part of the American language?

As far as I can find out, nobody knew but Ziegfeld. They were Ziegfeld girls—he picked them alone and single-handed, without advice or help from anybody, and it was some sort of instinct. A reporter I knew once asked Mr. Ziegfeld what the qualifications of a Ziegfeld Follies girl were.

Some of them were blondes, some were brunettes, some were redheads, some were brown-haired and brown-eyed. Some were tall and some were short, some were very thin and some were round and plump, like Anna Held, the French star who was Ziegfeld's first wife.

None of them could do very much. They weren't fine dancers, like the chorus of "Oklahoma," they weren't good singers, like the girls in "Show Boat."

Not all of them, actually, were beautiful. And their types were as varied as it was possible to find—from the full-blown black haired vivid lusciousness of Nita Naldi to the blond fragility of Imogene Wilson, or the madonna-like loveliness of Billie Dove, who was certainly the greatest beauty of the Follies. There was the suave worldliness of Gertrude Vanderbilt, the sweetness of Martha Mansfield—and then there was Jessie Reed.

Mr. Ziegfeld mused over the question and then he shrugged. "They must attract men," he said, slowly. "You cannot define that quality. They must attract, allure, fascinate. If there is one word, I should say it would be promise. They must promise romance, enchantment, entertainment, excitement, all the things a man dreams about when he thinks of the word Girl. There are no measurements, no color schemes, no rules for that. But a girl has to have it or I don't want her." He stopped and then quoted a song that was once a great hit number. "'A pretty girl is like a melody that haunts you night and day.'" That's it. That haunting quality. I can't name it but" he grinned at the reporter, "I know it when I see it. Not all beautiful women have it, by any means. Some plain some homely women do have it—only if they have it they are no longer plain nor homely. It's not easy to find, I can tell you that."

For years, my friend Gene Buck was second in command to the great Ziegfeld. He married the lovely blond Helen Faulkner, whose voice made her a Follies leading lady, and they live happily in Great Neck, Long Island, and have two sons.

Mr. Buck, who was for years president of Ascap, once told me that nobody who had seen Ziegfeld pick his girls ever forgot it.

SOMETIMES he picked one from behind a counter, from over a table, from a box in his own theatre. They came from every state in the Union, and there were society girls, models, runaways from small town high schools, girls just out of convents, and with every sort of background and heritage the Melting Pot of America could produce.

But when a call went out for the new girls for a show—hardly any of the girls were ever in the show more than two years, they married, some fabulously well and some not so well, they became movie or stage stars, they went into business, they sometimes went downhill into cheap night clubs and even lower—but when that call went out, the theatre was besieged by thousands of girls.

At the hour set, the theatre would be packed with the girls weeded out by Alice, Mr. Ziegfeld's phone operator, and Goldie, his famous secretary, and the stage directors. Ziegfeld and Gene Buck and Sam Kingston would sit in a group and the parade would begin.

A girl, done up in her best, would appear at one side of the stage and walk slowly, slowly, toward [illegible] fell upon the assembled [illegible] As she reached dead center she [illegible] pause, waiting waiting [illegible] word that would make her [illegible] greeted, petted, and [illegible] walked though it was the last [illegible] and vanish into oblivion.

Now and again there were [illegible] ful stories, girls who, [illegible] their mothers joined them. It never did any good of course.

Another girl would appear, and another.

Barry Ruskin, now on MGM's scenario writer in the big time, wrote a number of Follies [illegible] told me he used to sit with mouth open as scores of these girls disappeared. He would look at Ziggy's blank countenance in horror, as girls who knocked your eye out moved across and on and out.

A blonde—a svelte and Spanish siren, a dainty little trick with exquisite legs—they appeared, walked, vanished.

Then the word would come.

"You," Ziegfeld would say, and that's all.

That one magic word made her a Follies girl. Opened the gates to a million dollar marriage, to pleasure, to riches, to stardom, to the most exclusive and expensive and legendary group of girls the world has ever known.

Out of the hundreds who filled the theatre, Ziggy would select two—three—the highest anybody remembers was six.

I asked Arthur Freed, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's top musical director, if he tried to duplicate Ziegfeld's method when it came to picking the girls for the motion picture versions of the Follies which he makes. I knew that he always had help from Ziegfeld's widow—the one great love of his life—his favorite and mine, Billie Burke.

"Mostly, I pray," Arthur said. "When I go through, take a look at my Follies girls this year. Cyd Charisse and Helen O'Hara and Hazel [illegible]—only, of course, just like a real Follies girl she married Cedric Gibbons, our art director. [illegible] the picture was even finished—a lot of them married service men, too. See if you think [illegible] the the

"Glamour," I said. He looked doubtful. "All right—it's their word," I said.

I wonder if there were any of them [illegible] Lewis, who made Grand Opera at the Met [illegible] erine Moylan, or Frieda Mierse, former [illegible] Ed Wynn. Or Lupe Velez.

Or Jessie Reed.

I keep coming back to Jessie because [illegible] you, I have asked men and women connected with the Ziegfeld Follies for years, I have asked Follies press agents and top performers and [illegible] from the newspapers, and they think a while, then mention Anastasia Reilly, they mention Lilyan Tashman, Dorothy Knapp and Nina Pierce.

But finally they say, "If there was THE Follies girl, I guess it was Jessie Reed."

Next week Adela Rogers St. Johns will [illegible] the mysterious quality that made the Follies girls haunt the memory of those who saw them in the height of their glorified careers.

Illustrated by JOSEPH WATSON LITTLE

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Saluting Our HEROES OF THE K-9 CORPS

One of the Greatest of the Army's War Dogs Was Wolf, the German Shepherd Who Fought Off Mortal Wounds Long Enough to Lead an American Patrol to Safety Through Roving Japs on Luzon.

CHIPS was an unreconstructed rebel who wore no dog's collar but his own. In the matter of ancestry, he was something of a wrong-side-of-the-tracks dog. His father was a tough hombre, a sled dog from up north; his mother, a mongrel, was part collie and part shepherd. Mongrel or no, there must have been a lot of the fine lady in her: she raised a magnificent son.

Chips is dead now, passed on to whatever reward awaits the illustrious great of a great breed. Nonconformist that he was, Chips passed up a lot of earthly honors because he never could remember the rules of war prescribed by the Army for its K-9 Corps, but he more than made up for this loss by the immortality he found in the hearts of hundreds of soldiers who learned through eight bitter and bloody campaigns to love the wayward but gallant dog.

There was the time in Sicily when Chips, getting his second wind after the arduous fight across North Africa, just couldn't recall anything they'd taught him in his undergraduate days. Tiring one day of inactivity, he broke away from his handler, streaked across a stretch of No Man's Land, ignoring the bullet he had stopped en route, plunged into an enemy machine gun nest.

When the rest of the Army caught up with him, the superbly muscled Chips had one of the enemy by the throat. The other three members of the crew, terrified, gave up.

In a moment of high enthusiasm, theatre commanders awarded Chips the Silver Star and a Purple Heart. Both awards were revoked—these, said the Army brass, were not for dogs. Chips' fans then suggested he be awarded the Quartermaster General's Certificate of Citation, top honor for a war dog. Again, the Army said no—Chips had broken regulations in escaping from his handler, and besides the Army was not training dogs to engage in physical combat. So his men produced their own decoration and unofficially bestowed on Chips a theatre ribbon.

Chips did a spot of sentry duty during the Roosevelt-Churchill conference at Casablanca and once, just to make it plain no one was going to pull rank on Chips, he took a slight nip at Eisenhower.

Last October, full of honors and his duty done, Chips was assigned to a soldier who was to escort him across the Atlantic and thence to Front Royal, Va., for discharge. The soldier and Chips, it seems, were two of a kind. They didn't show up.

Two weeks later, a travel-worn soldier, and a dusty bedraggled dog arrived in the Virginia town. The soldier was told the Army wasn't accepting any more war dogs.

"But this, pumpkin head," replied the soldier, who could afford to call his shots now that he was getting out of the Army, "is Chips. Mr. Chips to you, jughead."

The Army rolled out the red carpet, accepted the explanation that Chips' two-week holiday had been spent with the soldier while the latter saw about his own discharge, and then saw to it that the dog was restored to his owner, Edward J Wren of Pleasantville, New York.

His war injuries eventually caught up with the stout-hearted Chips, and he died April 16 in a New York animal hospital. Basic cause of death, it is believed, was internal injuries suffered when Chips fell off a truck in Italy. He was six years old.

No scarcity of heroes plagued the K-9 Corps. There was the German shepherd named Wolf who sleeps today in a small grave on Luzon, victim of a mortar shell fragment which struck him as he led a marauding American patrol to safety.

Despite his wounds, Wolf never whimpered lest he betray the patrol's position; loyal soldiers who wanted to carry the dying dog were fought off as Wolf retained his position.

Breathing his last, Wolf finally staggered into camp at the head of the men he had saved from certain death or capture. An emergency operation failed to save his life.

The marker of his grave says, simply, "Wolf, U. S. Army War Dog." Posthumously, Wolf received the Certificate of Citation, one of 25 dogs so honored during the war.

Then there was Sandy, another German shepherd, who, on Cape Glouster, where an advance unit was held up by Jap pillboxes, was given a message to carry to a rear post, detailing the position of the enemy and asking for artillery fire.

Sandy snaked through tall kunai grass, swam a river, hit his stride beneath a curtain of mortar and tank fire, jumped a barbed wire fence and then made his way to the post which had been moved overnight without his knowledge. The message got through and the pillboxes were wiped out. A few days later, Sandy died with a Jap bullet through his head.

There were many others: Duchess also a German shepherd, whose keen instincts told her where Japs were hiding on Okinawa and guided American troops to 42 "kills;" Pal, stalwart collie, who was killed in Italy when he blocked a shrapnel charge with his own body and saved the lives of his handler and several other soldiers; Peefka, another German shepherd, who saved an American patrol when he detected three ground mines in Italy just as the patrol was about to march over them...these, and many more. The soldiers to whom they gave their last loyalties will not soon forget them.

It Was In Sicily That Chips Again Broke the Rules—and Captured an Enemy Machine Gun Nest.

Illustrated by TOM SCHENK

HERE COMES QUAKER WITH A BANG! BANG!

GREGORY PECK

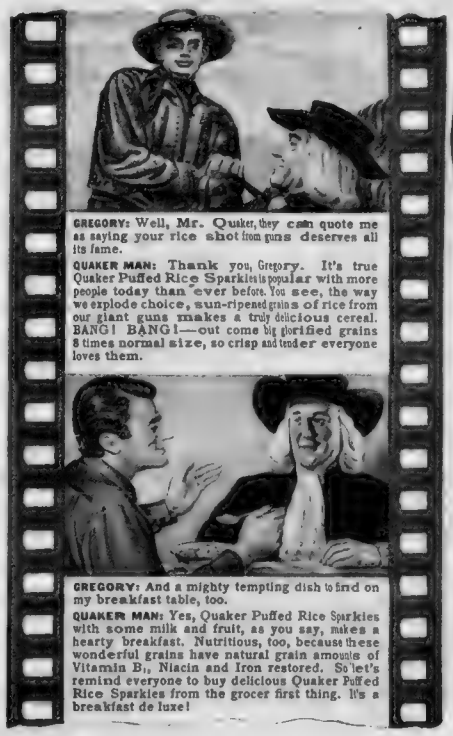
STARRING IN

DUEL IN THE SUN

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION

SAYS—

"RICE SHOT FROM GUNS MAKES A HEARTY BREAKFAST"

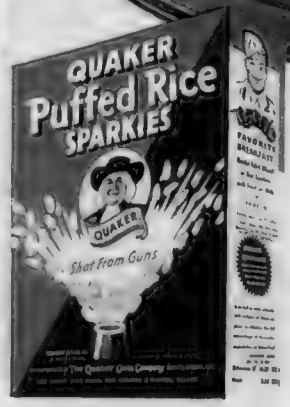


GREGORY: Well, Mr. Quaker, they can quote me as saying your rice shot from guns deserves all its fame.

QUAKER MAN: Thank you, Gregory. It's true Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies is popular with more people today than ever before. You see, the way we explode choice, sun-ripened grains of rice from our giant guns makes a truly delicious cereal. BANG! BANG!—out come big glorified grains 8 times normal size, so crisp and tender everyone loves them.

GREGORY: And a mighty tempting dish to find on my breakfast table, too.

QUAKER MAN: Yes, Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies with some milk and fruit, as you say, makes a hearty breakfast. Nutritious, too, because these wonderful grains have natural grain amounts of Vitamin B_1, Niacin and Iron restored. So let's remind everyone to buy delicious Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies from the grocer first thing. It's a breakfast de luxe!



Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies

Enjoy Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies, too!

Cleveland, City of Medical Renown

Its Scientific Advance Began in Pioneer Days When They Hanged an Indian in the Public Square

WHEN Indian John O'Mic was hanged in pioneer Cleveland's Public Square June 24, 1812, he had no way of knowing that he would soon make a contribution to the advancement of medical science in that young community.

Still a frontier town, Cleveland was 16 years old at the time—having been founded by General Moses Cleaveland in July of 1796.

In keeping with ideas of frontier justice, O'Mic was publicly hanged for the murder of two trappers.

Right after O'Mic was pronounced dead, a summer cloudburst sent the spectators and guards hurrying for cover. Left alone with the body were Major Lorenzo Carter and the sheriff. They lowered the big Indian into a near-by coffin and sought shelter themselves, planning to remove the coffin after the rain.

Night came but it kept on raining and the next morning the coffin was empty. Puzzled, the authorities made a search but because of other duties the investigation was soon abandoned.

O'Mic became an early Cleveland mystery, not cleared up until some years later when Dr. David Long, the city's first and beloved physician, identified a skeleton in his office as having belonged to O'Mic.

During the storming night following the execution, Dr. Long and his assistant had taken the body from the coffin and carried it to the doctor's clinic for research and anatomical study. That has gone down in the city's records as Cleveland's first act performed in the interests of the advancement of medical science.

Celebrating this summer the 150th anniversary of its founding, Cleveland looks with pride upon the contributions its doctors have made through the years to medical science.

The sixth city of the nation, with a population of 1,300,000, Cleveland has a number of clinics, hospitals and laboratories where researchers and skilled practitioners are searching for new methods of treating cancer, infantile paralysis, heart disease, high blood pressure, goitre and various other diseases. Maladies once regarded as beyond assistance have been conquered while others are close to solution because of the efforts of Cleveland doctors.

Dr. Harry Goldblatt, associate director of Western Reserve University's Institute of Pathology, established in the early 1930s that high blood pressure is due to a restriction in the blood supply to the kidneys.

This finding has been credited by Dr. Howard T. Karsner, the institute's director, as being one of the most important discoveries in the field of blood circulation.

Dr. Goldblatt and many other workers, including Dr. Irvine Page of Cleveland Clinic, are seeking a remedy for high blood pressure.

How urgent this search remains is seen in the fact that the estimated death rate in this country from diseases of the heart, brain and kidneys, all associated with high blood pressure, continues to be four times as great as that of cancer.

In studies of the heart Cleveland also has an international reputation through the work of Dr. Roy W. Scott, president of the American Heart Association; Dr. Claude S. Beck, Lakeside Hospital surgeon; Dr. Carl J. Wiggers, Dr. Harold Feil and Dr. Louis Katz.

In surgery Cleveland is widely known through the work of such men as the late Dr. George W. Crile, "the master surgeon," and the late Dr. Carl A. Hamann, "The King."

Dr. Crile, co-founder of Cleveland Clinic, perfected the difficult goitre removal operation, did pioneering work in blood transfusion, and prevented surgical shock through use of drugs and local anesthetics.

Two fellow workers of Dr. Crile at old Lakeside Hospital, Dr. David Marine (now of New York City) and Dr. O. P. Kimball, determined the cause of goitre in 1916.

Dr. Hamann served as dean of W. R. U. medical school for many years, and was chief surgeon at two other hospitals.

Dr. John A. Toomey and Dr. E. E. Ecker, also with the medical school, have won world-wide renown.

Dr. Toomey is one of the nation's outstanding authorities on infantile paralysis and other contagious diseases. His treatment for polio, worked out with the late Dr. Henry O. Feiss, has obtained good results.

The medical research team of "Stewart and Rogoff" is known wherever medical literature is read.

These men are Dr. J. M. Rogoff, now of the University of Pittsburgh Medical School, and the late Dr. G. N. Stewart. They worked together for nearly two decades at W. R. U. medical school.

They revealed that an extract obtained from the outer layer of the adrenal gland cortex was an effective treatment for Addison's disease.

Much basic work in the field of child health also comes from the W.R.U. medical center, with such contributors as Dr. Norman C. Wetzel, Dr. Arthur H. Bill and Dr. Henry J. Gerstenberger.

Dr. Wetzel perfected a grid chart to aid in the study of child growth; Dr. Bill aided in making childbirth safer, and Dr. Gerstenberger developed a synthetic baby food.

The Cleveland Health Museum, headed by Dr. Bruno Gebhard and opened to the public in 1940, was the first health museum in the Western Hemisphere.

In celebrating its sesquicentennial the city will play host at a series of gala events, lasting from June 13 to September 2. The first of these, the National Open Golf Championship, will be followed by the National Outboard Motor Races, musical events, a Veterans of Foreign Wars convention, an American Legion convention, the Women's Western Amateur Golf tournament, and the two-week National Air Races.

In Cleveland, the Number of Men Who Have Contributed Notable Discoveries or Perfections of Technique to Medical Science Is Far Greater Proportionately Than That of Larger Communities.

Illustrated By LEE CONREY

Fun on the Frontier

IN THE village of Le Perthus, high up in the Pyrenees, a French gendarme walked down one side of the main street and a Spanish policeman traversed the other, both studying the clouds and attempting, with complete success, to ignore their immediate surroundings.

Because of this official blindness, Francois could leave his barber shop and journey across the principal thoroughfare for a sherry at Pablo's bar; Antoine could call on his friend Jose, the fruiterer; Maria could steal a few ecstatic moments with her sweetheart, Henri...in fact, the good citizens of Le Perthus could carry on much as the citizens of any small, well-integrated village.

The Understanding Police Are Broadminded About the Behavior of Citizens in the Mountain Village Smack on the Frontier.

But had the arms of the law chosen to enforce the letter of the law, Le Perthus would have been a town divided against itself.

For the frontier between France and Spain splits Le Perthus squarely in the middle, running the length of its main street. And diplomatic tension between the two nations had caused the frontier to be closed.

Now the Spanish inhabitants on one side of Le Perthus and the French inhabitants on the other have long lived in amity together.

THEY patronize one anothers' shops, exchange the choice products of their respective countries, mix socially and matrimonially. They consider themselves one people.

At first there was a cautious attitude, for who will defy the law without a wee bit of encouragement?

Then the French shoemaker took the bit between his teeth and sauntered across the street for his morning nip at a Spanish bar. The populations of both sides watched eagerly. A Spanish policeman took a studious interest in the heavens while this went on, though the shoemaker passed within ten feet.

The trial sortie a success, French businessmen followed suit, and the Spanish population hopped across, too, to find the French gendarmerie wrapped in reverie. Before the sun set everything was proceeding as freely as before.

All of which, agree the citizens, is just as it should be. An enforcement of the division would work untold hardships. For instance, the French have the only church and only school. The Spanish supply water and electricity. If M. le Cure barred Spaniards from his church, he might find it dark.

ON the Spanish side one can buy sardines, oranges, silk stockings, leather shoes and sherry; on the French, foie gras, burgundy, camembert and Chanel perfume. Why, point out the citizens, should they enjoy only 50 per cent of all the good things available?

On one occasion it was learned that a high Spanish government official would travel through Le Perthus. The word penetrated to every corner of the village. When the official arrived and frowned austerely at the French portion of the community, he saw nothing but the enemy. Nor could he locate an errant Frenchman in his own domain. He went away pleased with the arrangement, but within an hour cross-street traffic was back to normal.

Never Before a Graduation Gift Like This Pen Without a Cap!

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CLICK IT—WRITE! No separate cap to remove, adjust, drop or lose.

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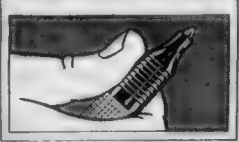

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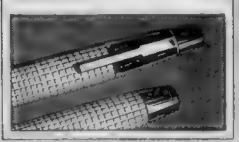

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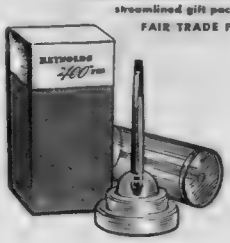

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AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE MIND

IN THE following article, Dr. Portia Hamilton, consulting and clinical psychologist of New York, describes how competent psychologists are able to see into the mind with the aid of pictures such as the one on this page. Before you read the story, look at the picture (not the drawings that accompany it) and, without attempting to analyze it, see what it means to you.

By Dr. Portia Hamilton

IF PART of the body is unused for a considerable length of time, it is quite likely to cease functioning entirely. And if a man goes sufficiently long without having to exercise his power of decision, that can atrophy, too. He just won't be able to make up his mind about anything.

Apparently a good many of our returning servicemen are in that spot today. I have been testing veterans to discover what effect their periods of service have had, and I have found that a startling percentage are what psychologists call ambivalent, or continually torn between two courses whenever a decision has to be made.

To the Young Flier, the Picture Was a B-29 With Gremlins Climbing Over the Wings.

An Aviator Just Back From the Pacific and the Mother of a Soldier Killed in the War Looked at Charles Burchfield's Picture "The Night Wind."

Of course, most servicemen will refuse to admit, even to themselves, that they are having any particular difficulty in choosing between two forks of a road. But just as a doctor, with an X-ray, can locate hidden ailments, so can a psychologist, with a sort of magic lantern, peer into the deeper recesses of the mind.

Our magic lantern is no mechanical device for the projection of slides but, on the contrary, a combination of tests which draw out the mind's own images.

The biggest gear in this appliance is the Rorschach test, in which a series of ink blots on cards are shown to the subject, who describes what the formless shapes mean to him. From his response a trained psychologist can often trace urges, phobias and fancies that no amount of questioning could educe.

A newer tool in opening up the mind is the Thematic Apperception test, devised by Dr. Henry A. Murray and the staff of the Harvard Psychological Clinic. It consists of 20 dramatic pictures, each of which, however, is sufficiently vague so that it could depict 100 different situations.

One, for example, is a picture painted in 1918 by Charles Burchfield and entitled "The Night Wind," although there are no titles on any of the scenes shown during the test.

In its weird outlines and grotesque conformations, it is symbolic of a wintry gale sweeping against a snow-covered home. But in this picture, as in all the others, each person is prone to see something that reflects his own wishes or experiences. A banker's wife who writes children's books said:

"This is a grim caricature of religious experience. It is not very personal but suggestive of a limited and narrow-minded person whose thoughts never seem capable of leaving the subject."

Another patient, who is extremely ambivalent, told me:

"This looks just like a blot of ink. It is a scene of desolation and ruin, of houses gutted by a storm. But now that I look at it again, it seems different. It is a fairy boat covered by ice and snow."

A young girl said Santa Claus had just dropped down the chimney and was inside, distributing beautiful gifts to the children. To an aviator, just back from the Pacific, it was a B-29 in the stratosphere, with gremlins climbing over the wings.

And from the mother of a soldier killed in the war:

"It's a gingerbread house, such as Hansel and Gretel had. A fairy witch has made a nice home for her favorite children, with chocolate rabbits and windows made out of swishes of frosting. But she shouldn't have made it because life isn't happy and a goblin is waiting to grab the children when they come out."

A seaman who survived a torpedo said:

"Those white whorls are waves and that's a submarine. It's a German U-boat, I think. No, it's one of ours, and everything will be all right."

The Mother Thought She Saw a Gingerbread House, With a Goblin Lying In Wait Outside.

One of New York's best surgeons thought the scene was the dream of someone coming out of anesthesia.

There are other tests, too, and in all of them the majority of servicemen clearly indicate their ambivalence. They think they are talking about other people but actually they are talking about themselves. Their drives, emotions, sentiments, complexes and conflicts become almost crystal clear to a trained interpreter.

Any good soldier is bound to have developed behavior patterns that have no place in civilian life. He has been taught to follow blindly, to trust others to make his decisions. Now he is on his own. He must think for himself, and he is having a hard time of it. In a few cases this conflict of experiences may leave a lasting blemish. But most of the boys, I am sure, will soon be functioning again at full throttle.

The mere fact that the picture above may have given you the same impression that it gave one of Dr. Hamilton's patients means nothing. Neither does any other impression you may have received, because only your reaction to a series of pictures (and other tests) is important, and even then no one but an expert would be able to make a proper analysis. But even so, it's fun

Illustrated by ARTHUR GROSS

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Sentimental Tiger

MENTION of a tiger hunt conjures up a picture of intrepid marksmen in pith helmets equipped with a veritable arsenal of costly express rifles. Perched in a howdah rocking on the broad back of an elephant, they plunge into the jungle in search of their prey.

From France comes news of a tiger hunt of quite a different character. In this one, the hunter went unarmed.

The unique Nimrod is Joseph Bouglione, member of a family of brothers long famous throughout France for their menageries, exhibited at circuses and fairs. In 1940 the Nazis, overrunning the country, had seized the Bouglione collection and shipped it to Germany.

When the war ended, the brothers were naturally eager to recover all of their animals that had survived, particularly a highly-prized Bengal tiger named Allah.

THIS "cat" had come to them as a tiny cub, sick and feeble. Through devoted care, Joseph, a skilled trainer, kept the flickering spark of life burning. Allah seemed grateful for the good treatment, for he grew up into an extraordinarily affectionate and tractable beast. Joseph used to lead him through the streets.

To the average man, one full grown tiger looks pretty much like another, but Joseph felt certain he would be able to identify Allah, once he located him, even after the lapse of six years.

He visited circuses and zoos in Stuttgart, Munich, Frankfurt, Hamburg and other German cities. He found tigers, but not Allah.

Then one day last spring, in Augsburg, in the U. S. Occupation Zone, he entered the tent of a fifth rate circus. As he approached a small row of cages, he heard a tentative whine, then a prolonged roar.

There was a note of triumph in that call of the wild triumph and recognition. Fixing him with eyes brimming with animal affection was a tiger, magnificent despite his dilapidated pen.

THE tiger pressed his muzzle against the bars and ecstatically switched his tail.

"Allah! Allah!" gleefully shouted Joseph Bouglione. Confidently, he thrust his hand into the cage and patted the tiger that had recognized his old friend.

Allah, grown much larger, of course, than when Joseph had last seen him, submitted like a kitten. He crouched on the straw-littered floor and rolled his head from side to side to be scratched.

Bouglione soon convinced the occupation authorities that Allah had been stolen from him. The animal was transferred to a fine traveling cage and returned to Paris.

And now the sentimental tiger with the memory of an elephant is one of the stellar attractions of France's leading circus.

The Big Tiger Thrust His Powerful Muzzle Against the Bars and Purred at the Man He Hadn't Seen for More Than Five Years.

Brandy for Bunnies

DOWN in New South Wales trappers are catching rabbits with brandy. The liquor bait knocks the rabbits out, and the hunters pick them up.

The trappers first found out about spirituous baits when there was a recent rise in the fur market. Poisoned rabbits yield good, clean fur but are useless for the table, while trapped rabbits provide good meat but damaged fur. Alcohol lets hunters collect both ways.

According to a report from Wollongong, N.S.W., the alcohol's effect is almost instantaneous. A newspaperman who accompanied one party of trappers reported:

"It was amazing. Drunk rabbits staggered around everywhere. They ate the potent bait and fell over."

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All Helen Was Able to Say, Before She Died, Was That a Tall, Stooped Man of 40 or 50, With a Straggly Mustache, Had Given Her Two Drinks From a Bottle.

By Peter Levins

ON OCT. 13, 1891, a young woman named Helen Donworth, residing on Westminster Bridge Road, in London, received a letter requesting her to meet an admirer at the York Hotel, Waterloo Road, at 7 that evening. Miss Donworth complied with the request, and an hour later was writhing in the road in the customary contortions of one who has been given strychnine.

Before she died, the unfortunate Helen was able to say that a man of about 40 or 50, rather tall, with drooping shoulders and straggly mustache, had given her two drinks from a bottle filled with white fluid. The autopsy showed that the drinks had been well spiked with strychnine.

Four days after the inquest, G. O. Wyatt, a deputy coroner, was startled to receive the following communication:

"I am writing to say that if you and your satellites fail to bring the murderer of Helen Donworth, alias Helen Linnell, to justice, I am willing to give such assistance as will bring the murderer to justice, provided your Government is willing to pay me £300,000 for my services. No pay if not successful. A. O'Brien, Detective."

On Nov. 5, Frederick W. H. Smith, whose father headed a firm of news agents, received a letter accusing him of murdering Helen Donworth. Two letters incriminating Smith had been found among the girl's effects, the writer said, and if Smith wished to avoid exposure he was to paste a notice on the window of his office, reading, "Mr. Fred Smith wishes to see Mr. Bayne, the barrister, at once." Enclosed was a paper addressed, "Miss Helen Linnell" and signed with the initials "H. M. B.," warning her that Smith intended to poison her.

Smith turned the letter over to Scotland Yard.

On the evening of Nov. 20, a tall man wearing a high silk hat and large coat with a cape visited Matilda Clover, a woman of 26, and at 3 the next morning a terrible screaming filled the house at 27 Lambeth Road. She said she had been poisoned by pills given her by "a gentleman," but as Tilly happened to be a devotee of the bottle, it was diagnosed as delirium tremens. She soon died.

On Nov. 29, Dr. W. H. Broadbent, of Portman Square, received a letter accusing him of murdering Tilly Clover with strychnine. The writer stated that the evidence was in the hands of a Yard detective whom he (the writer, who signed himself M. Maloney) could fix for £2,500. Dr. Broadbent was advised to advertise in the Daily Chronicle his willingness to pay.

At this juncture the poisoner took a holiday, but he was back the following April.

At about 11 p. m., April 11, 1892, Mrs. Char-

Illustrated by AMOS SEWELL

# of LAMBETH

For His Pretty Victims, a Date With Him Was a Date With Death

lotte Vogt, a Stamford st. landlady, was awakened by screams outside her door. She got up to find one of her tenants, Alice Marsh, dying in the hall.

"Get a cab and a policeman!" Mrs. Vogt shouted to her husband. He dashed out on this errand.

Then she heard another roomer screaming—Emma Shrivell, whose room on the second floor adjoined that of Alice Marsh.

Between convulsions, Emma gasped that they had been taken out to dinner by a man they had just met and he had given each of them "three long pills."

Miss Marsh died before the cab got her to a hospital. Miss Shrivell died six hours later.

TERROR gripped the Lambeth district, scene of all four murders. Who would be next?

As before, the fatalities again inspired the mysterious letter writer to take pen in hand. On April 25, he wrote Dr. Joseph Harper of Barnstable stating that "one of my operators has indisputable evidence that your son, W. J. Harper, poisoned two girls named Alice Marsh and Emma Shrivell on the 12th inst., and I am willing to give the said evidence (so that you can suppress it) for the sum of £1,500 sterling. W. H. Murray."

As before, the letter was turned over to Scotland Yard, whose celebrated patience was now definitely being tried.

This curious murderer then did a very curious thing: He circularized the guests of the Metropole Hotel with a printed warning which stated:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I hereby notify you that the person who poisoned Ellen Donworth on the 13th last October is today in the employ of the Metropole Hotel and that your lives are in danger as long as you remain in this hotel.

"Yours respectfully,

"W. H. MURRAY."

By this time interest in the case had reached flood tide. Tips by the score poured into headquarters. Many citizens wrote letters of criticism and suggestion, while others buttonholed officers who had no connection with the investigation and gave them what-for.

Among the latter was a physician named Thomas Neill, who discussed the mystery with Police Sergt. Patrick McIntyre during a social evening at the home of a photographer. Dr. Neill had kept himself well informed about the case. He seemed to know details that had not yet been published in the newspapers. Moreover, Sergeant McIntyre noted that Dr. Neill was tall, rather stoop-shouldered, and had a straggly mustache.

The suspect soon discovered that officers were following him wherever he went. He complained to McIntyre, who promptly went to his lodgings to ask how he had come by all his information. Dr. Neill replied that he'd gotten it from a detective.

"I have been instructed," McIntyre said, "to get specimens of your handwriting, Doctor."

The suspect had to comply, and in so doing he wrote his doom.

For one thing, his writing matched various specimens in the possession of the police. For another, the paper bore the water mark, "Fairfield Superfine Quality," the same brand the murderer had been using.

Before placing him under arrest, the police looked into his past. This is what they unearthed:

Born Thomas Neill Cream in Glasgow, Scotland, May 27, 1850. Settled in Canada with family five years later. Was graduated from McGill with an M. D., March 31, 1876. Had a leaning toward crime from his earliest college days.

On Sept. 6, 1876, Flora Brooks, a friend of Cream, became very ill but recovered. Cream married her on Sept. 10, and the next day left for England "to complete his medical education." The bride died of tuberculosis the following August.

Cream studied in London and Edinburgh. He returned to Canada and started practicing in London, Ont. Presently an unfortunate "accident" happened: A chambermaid named Kate Gardner was found dead on the premises occupied by Cream, a bottle of chloroform by her side. She had come to the doctor for treatment. Evidence indicated murder but it was insufficient.

Cream moved to Chicago. He was suspected of malpractice and on Aug. 23, 1880, was arrested on a charge of murder. Again the evidence was insufficient.

In 1881 he met the pretty 33-year-old wife of Daniel Stott, 61, station agent living at Grand Prairie, Ill. On June 11, 1881, Cream put some white powder into medicine for Stott, and the husband died within 20 minutes. When no suspicion was attached to the death, Cream wrote the coroner that Stott would still be alive but for a blunder by the pharmacists who had made up the prescription. The coroner disregarded this, so Cream wrote the district attorney.

As a result, Cream was convicted of second degree murder and got life. His sentence commuted to 17 years on June 12, 1891, he was freed July 31, 1891, and arrived in London, England, on Oct. 5, that same year.

Two days later he took lodgings at 103 Lambeth Palace Road, close to St. Thomas' Hospital. Six days later Helen Donworth swallowed the drink that caused her death.

Now back to the investigation in London:

WHEN detectives continued to shadow Cream, he communicated with his solicitors, who protested to the authorities. Accordingly, on May 26, Detective-Inspector J. B. Tunbridge called on Cream. His answers proved so unsatisfactory that Tunbridge applied for a warrant on a charge of sending a blackmailing letter.

The body of Matilda Clover was exhumed. As the killer himself had written, the post mortem revealed large quantities of strychnine. On July 18, Cream was charged with the murder of Matilda Clover.

"What, in the Clover case?" he exclaimed. "Is anything going to be done in the other cases?"

His trial opened on the following Oct. 17. The defense being hopeless, the jury required but 10 minutes to convict.

Presiding Justice Hawkins had the following to say in sentencing this extraordinary murderer:

"The jury have felt it their duty to find you guilty of a murder so diabolical in its character, fraught with so much cold-blooded cruelty, that one dares hardly to trust oneself to speak of the details of your wickedness. What motive could have actuated you I do not know. But I do know that your cruelty toward her, and the crime you have committed, are of unparalleled atrocity.

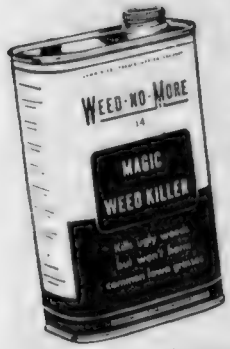
"For the crime of which you have been convicted our law knows but one penalty—the penalty is death. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

He was hanged at Newgate a few weeks later, on Nov. 15, and there was reason for rejoicing in Lambeth.

Today it is generally agreed that Thomas Neill Cream must have been a madman—in the medical if not in the legal sense. He had long been taking morphine, and this may have affected his brain. That his brain took the course it did, both in America and England, is one of the enigmas of criminal history.

Dr. Thomas Neill Cream—One of the Enigmas of Criminal History. Just Would Write Police.

$1 RIDS YOUR LAWN OF UGLY WEEDS!



WEED-NO-MORE

Magic Weed Killer

Destroys Ugly Weeds but Won't Harm Common Lawn Grasses!

Now you can enjoy a beautiful weed-free lawn for *only* $1! The 8-ounce lawn-size package treats 1600 square feet!

WEED-NO-MORE kills dandelion, plantain and other ugly weeds—yet won't injure soil.

Get it today! Rid your lawn of ugly weeds for only $1. Just spray on . . . WEED-NO-MORE!

No more back-breaking digging—just apply Weed-No-More with sprinkling can or sprayer.

On Sale at Paint, Hardware, Garden Supply, Department and Drug Stores

WEED-NO-MORE

THE AMAZING NEW WEED KILLER

Made by THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co. Cleveland, Ohio

June's Own Gem

JUNE'S birthstone is the pearl—but many more Junes must roll around before this precious gem, the only jewel created by a living process, becomes available in sufficient quantity to meet the world-wide demand for it.

Like many of the world's other treasures, cultured pearls felt the heavy hand of war. Pearl farms, found chiefly in the waters off Japan and in the South Seas, either were left unattended during the war or were destroyed during naval battles.

It takes from five to seven years to produce a cultured pearl. So it will be that long, at least, before June's sons and daughters, and others who find in the pearl the ultra-ultra of beautiful adornment, will be able to buy them in the abundance desired.

The ancients, with their love of mystic beauty, believed that pearls began as human tears or drops of dew inserted in oysters and were there transformed by the gods into gems. Modern man knows better.

Pearls, of course, begin as irritants — usually a grain of sand or a tiny parasitic worm — which make their way into the oyster. The latter, for protection, immediately begins a slow process of coating the intruder with nacre—the same substance with which the oyster lines the inside of its shell. The coating continues over the years, much in the manner of a growing onion acquiring new layers of skin.

Strangely, neither the size of the oyster nor the length of time in which the irritant remains in the shell determines the size of the pearl. The sole factor is the ability of the oyster to produce nacre. Generally, however, the average oyster will produce a marketable pearl in five to seven years.

A natural (or Oriental) pearl is one in which the irritant was introduced by accident. In the cultured pearl, the irritant is placed in the shell by man

Spokesmen for the cultured pearl industry insist there is no difference in the finished product. They say that the cultured pearl is more beautiful because it is grown in selected oysters on special feeding grounds and receives special care. But the natural pearl still costs more than the cultured kind.

The rarest and most costly of cultured pearls is the black variety which is produced by a sick oyster. Men have not yet learned how to induce the ailment which makes black pearls.

Once removed from its shell, the pearl, unlike other precious gems, requires no finishing or polishing.

The only thing that will enhance its beauty, say the experts, is body warmth — which explains why you'll sometimes see the true connoisseurs of pearls take a necklace or stickpin and rub it gently in their hands.

In Ancient Times There Was a Belief That Pearls Were Human Teardrops Transformed Into Gems by the Gods.

Robot Bootblack

THE machine age has finally caught up with the bootblack. A shoe-shining machine that will just about do everything that a shine-boy does (except take a up) will go on the market this summer. Capable of shining either black or brown shoes, the device, equipped with a coin box, does the job at a nickel a foot.

The automatic shiner has separate sets of motor-driven brushes for the two colors. There is a lever for the customer to shove over to the markers "brown" or "black." After it applies the polishing wax, the brushes travel over the entire surface of the shoe, including the heel and toe. A special high speed buffer puts a gleaming glint on the toe

The machine takes one minute to polish a pair of shoes—30 seconds flat for each. The gadget is for men's shoes only. There's too much variety to women's footwear to make a similar machine practical for feminine feet. But the manufacturer isn't concerned over not getting milady's business. Surveys show that less than one per cent of the shine business comes from the gentler sex.

Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores—and linoleum dealers everywhere.

HAVE LOVELIER FLOORS WITH LESS CARE . . .

Only Self-Polishing Simoniz for Floors Gives the Same Longer Lasting Beauty that makes SIMONIZ so Famous for Cars.

THE LIGHT EVERLASTING

NO BATTERY

FLASHLIGHT

ARMY AIR FORCE SENSATION

The army airmen dared not rely on batteries because a dead flashlight might mean a dead flier. Then came DACOLITE—the magic emergency light that hand-generates its own sure-fire beam *without* batteries; the patented light that bears a LIFETIME GUARANTEE. Shock-proof, corrosion-proof, cold-proof, heat-proof—*never-failing* Built with precision of fine watch; war-tested, absolutely fool-proof, trouble-free; money back if not satisfied. Reliable in every emergency.

LIFETIME GUARANTEE

Lifetime service guaranteed by makers; you take no chances. Colorful plastic case, streamlined; fits palm of hand. Each light carries "spare" bulb inside. Send only $4.95; check or money-order (we pay postage) to SCIENCE ASSOCIATES, INC., 68 Sena Plaza, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!

EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?

YOU NEED **SHINOLA**

● As the saying goes, *if the shoe fits, wear it.* That's an old saying, but good advice. It will pay you to KEEP SHOES SHINING WITH SHINOLA. In addition to improving the appearance of your shoes, the oily waxes in Shinola help preserve the leather.

SHINOLA WHITE is what no well-dressed person should be without. That is, if he wears white shoes. SHINOLA WHITE works beautifully on *all* types of white shoes . . . leather or fabric.

SHINOLA PASTE OR LIQUID ALL COLORS 10¢

Enjoy Sun Bathing in the Camisole Sundress. You Can Make Yourself From the Pattern Shown on Page 36.

Do your own
Dry Cleaning
with
RENUZIT
The "Home" FRENCH DRY CLEANER

JUST Dip AND Rinse!

• Right in your own home, without experience or special equipment, you get perfect dry cleaning results with RENUZIT! Dresses, skirts, blouses, slacks, neckties, sportswear — everything comes clean with RENUZIT.

Save time — save money — save work. SAFE for home use — safe for finest fabrics! In 2-gallon, 1-gallon and quart sizes at leading stores everywhere.

RENUZIT

Meals From the Zoo

MILLIONS of American housewives think the war has had a tough time keeping nourishing fare on their tables during these years of meat shortages and so they have.

But ladies, before any of you claim to be the champion improvisers of wartime menus, please note the experiences of Frau Emmy Heinroth, wife of the late curator of the Berlin Zoological Garden and boss of what's left of the once-famous zoo.

For a Time the Woman and Her Husband Lived on Alligator Steaks.

Frau Heinroth and her husband remained at their posts, despite Allied bombings which gradually killed 94 per cent of the birds, beasts, reptiles and fish in their care.

AT FIRST, the Heinroths merely buried their slain charges. Then, as the food problem became more acute, they began eating them.

"I first tried cooking steaks from a buffalo," Frau Heinroth related the other day. "They tasted like beef, but were tougher.

"The next bomb victim was an alligator. I told my husband I'd try anything once—and we sliced meat from the big swamp creature's tail. It wasn't bad. Much better than the buffalo, I thought."

The Heinroths were more grateful when Allied bombardiers merely scored on rabbits, ducks, bear and the fish pond. But they were game when one month's only casualty was a big, squirming python.

"WE CUT that snake into strips and tried frying it," said Frau Heinroth. "It was too tough. I put it through a grinder. It was still tough, but we ate snake hamburgers and were glad to get them."

They were not so glad, however, to take a fling at roast vulture.

"I didn't cook the ugly bird nearly long enough," said the curator's wife, "and it tasted too much like well, vulture."

Only 300 of the zoo's pre war total of 5,000 specimens are alive today and, sometimes the German woman who is still on painfully short rations — looks at these with the appraising eye of an imaginative chef.

SOAPING dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair agiow with natural luster!
1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. 2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dull soap-film! 3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away quickly and completely! 4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant! 5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! 6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!
Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!

HALO SHAMPOO

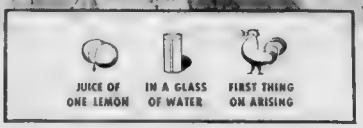
A FEW DROPS...KEEP YOU
Mouth Happy!
ASTRING-O-SOL
EFFECTIVE MOUTH WASH
Concentrated to last longer...originated by a dentist and used by dentists and physicians the world over.
Frederick Stearns & Co., Division Detroit 31, Michigan

HEATLESS.... MACHINELESS.... COMFORTABLE!
Thrill to the Joy of a New
COLD WAVE PERMANENT
in 2 to 3 hours at home
NOW Only 98¢ PLUS 9c TAX
Easy as putting your hair up in curlers
The new Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave home kit gives you a COLD WAVE at home which compares with any professional COLD WAVE costing up to $15.00. It's heatless—machineless—takes only 2 to 3 hours, yet your lovely, natural looking curls and waves will "stay in" for months and months. Ideal, too, for children's hair and so economical.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back
THE NEW Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE
For sale at drug stores, cosmetic counters and 5c and 10c stores.

Away Go Corns
SORE TOES, BUNIONS, CALLOUSES INSTANTLY RELIEVED
For quick relief beyond belief, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The instant you put them on corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions, painful shoe friction stops, pressure is lifted. Thin, soft, soothing, cushioning, protective. Separate wonder-working *Medications* included for quickly removing corns or callouses. Easy to apply. No bulk, no unsightly taping. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, Toiletry Counters. Insist on Dr. Scholl's!
3 SIZES SMALL AND LARGE CORNS
FOR BUNIONS ENLARGED JOINTS
FOR SOFT CORNS BETWEEN TOES
FOR CALLOUSES
Dr Scholls Zino-pads

Take Laxatives?

Change to Lemon and Water ...it's good for you!



Lemon and water, taken first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary for most people

This natural fruit drink—simply the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—is all that most people need to insure prompt, gentle, *normal* elimination. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!

Millions take lemons for health. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize. They aid appetite and digestion. National surveys show that 10,500,000 Americans now take lemon and water as a regulator or health builder.

Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has only enough tang to be refreshing; clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try it for 10 mornings, first thing on arising.

Keep regular the healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

—first thing on arising

California Sunkist

ADVERTISEMENT

"We start with this and work up."

You can lift an idea from Mike. *Start with* milk, fruit and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"—every morning. When breakfast begins with Wheaties, it's building up to lots of solid nourishment, swell eating. Malt flavored flakes of good whole wheat—*that's Wheaties.*

Letters to the Editor

Remembered Stories

Bridgeport, R. I.

Dear Sir:

About six years ago The American Weekly carried an article dealing with fresh water pearls. I have recently located an oyster bed that seems to be quite rich in pearls. Could you send me a copy of the article?

Charles J. Teehan

• • •

Indianapolis, Ind.

Gentlemen:

Some years ago you published in article in your magazine about the old Frank Reade, Jr., dime novels which were popular way back when I was a boy. I thought I had saved that article, but I can't find it. Could you spare a copy?

Neal H. Dow

• • •

Albany, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I think it was about five years ago that I saw in your magazine an article on character reading from the lip prints of actresses. I am writing a booklet on that subject and would appreciate a copy of the story.

W. H. Lorenz

• • •

(The three letters above are added proof that American Weekly readers have long memories when it comes to the features they find in this magazine. The piece on pearls appeared in our issue of August 13, 1939, the article on Frank Reade, Jr. books in the magazine of February 4, 1940, and the lip print story in September 1941—Ed.)

Generous Prexy

Sisterville, W. Va.

Dear Editor:

A recent article in your magazine mentioned that President William A. Shimer of Marietta (Ohio) College takes in G. I. boarders. He not only takes in boarders—he shares his home with them. I am enclosing a newspaper clipping of my nephew, Carroll F. Harper, his wife and their three-year-old son. Carroll is a G. I. student at Marietta and Mr. Shimer made room in his house for the Harpers.

Mrs. Pearl Inbody.

High Praise

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have read with great interest and satisfaction the articles on plastic surgery by Robert D. Potter, your science editor. The accuracy of these articles is gratifying. Mr. Potter has rendered a public service of first rank by telling of the job that is being done by the Army Medical Department for the wounded.

Norman T. Kirk,
The Surgeon General.

Shoe Problem

Morristown, N. J.

Dear Editor:

Your article "Bigger Feet for Broader Horizons" moves me to ask if you know of any place I might find shoes for myself—size 8½AAAA. I have tried many stores without success.

Mrs. Gladys E. Meeker.

• • •

(Can any American Weekly reader help Mrs. Meeker find shoes for her remarkably narrow feet?—Ed.)

Amazing New Antiseptic Deodorant Actually Checks Perspiration Yet is Safe for Skin!

DOES NOT ROT CLOTHES . . . Because of *Duratex*, New Safety Ingredient Found Only in Veto!

Veto—Colgate's cream deodorant—is different from *any* deodorant you've ever used before! Because it contains *Duratex*, an *exclusive* new safety ingredient—Veto *does not rot clothes!* Veto is *safe* for any normal skin! It spreads and rubs in easily, is *easier* to use! It stays moist in jar. So use Veto regularly, to stop odor, check perspiration—*safely!* 10¢ and larger sizes. Drug and cosmetic counters.

Colgate's VETO

Stays Moist In The Jar! Never Gritty or Grainy!

APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS Better Fabrics Bureau

NOW! An Amazingly Smaller HEARING AID

TONES SO MUCH CLEARER!--TRUER!

larger than a ... Even-... tones ... new ... Gets ... easier ... Weight ... ounces ... through ... Read ... FREE ... Booklet.

BELTONE HEARING AID CO. Dept. AW6 1450 W. 19th St., Chicago 8, Illinois

Without obligation to me, send me your new booklet telling how Beltone Mono-Pac makes better hearing at much lower cost.

Name

Address

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FREE BOOKLET

KEEP "REGULAR as CLOCKWORK"

with Nujol MINERAL OIL

The easy-action laxative for ordinary constipation

Copr. 1946, Stanco, Incorporated

Save Fingers with Steel-Grip Finger Guards

Hundreds of factories are saving time and protecting workers with Steel Grip Finger Guards. Used for handling rough, sharp articles, bolting, grinding, sanding, polishing, punch press work, many other jobs. Wear on fingers or thumb, front or back. Durable leather, elastic web back for snug, cool, comfortable fit. Easy on and off. One size fits all, men or women. Send 10¢ each for samples or trial order box of 50 at $4.25 box 10%.

Catalog of Steel-Grip Safety Apparel on request

INDUSTRIAL GLOVES COMPANY

Factory: Dunkirk, N. Y. 526 Garfield, Dearfield, Ill.

In Canada: Safety Supply Co., Toronto

Here's how I helped relieve externally caused BLEMISHES

It's easy. Cleanse with mildly medicated Cuticura Soap, then apply mildly antiseptic Cuticura Ointment. World-known! Surprisingly helpful! For FREE Ointment sample write Cuticura, Dept. A-128, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

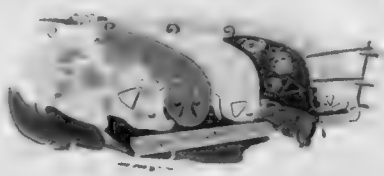
Good meals must live up to their looks!

Good-looking meals are good meals only when they're as tasty and nutritious as they are good to look at. And that isn't always so simple—when you know how easy it is for flavors and certain vitamins to be "cooked away" in the home preparation of foods or impaired by long transit from farm to table . . . One good way to make sure of flavors and nutrients, say food authorities*, is to *trust foods in cans*—for the good reasons given below.

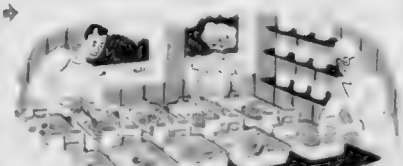
*[illegible]

Good-looking—good-tasting . . . Tomato juice, frizzled luncheon meat, sweet potatoes, succotash, green and ripe olives, pear halves, cookies, iced coffee . . . and they all come to you in cans!

DID YOU KNOW that, in most modern canneries, samples from each "batch" of canned foods are sent to the plant laboratory, where they are checked for flavor, texture, color, and vitamin content? Yes, and because most canneries are located right near the source of supply, fruits and vegetables are canned within a few hours of harvesting—no loss of nutrients or flavors due to long transportation.



YOUR REFRIGERATOR couldn't *begin* to hold the abundant variety of fine foods—fruits, vegetables, juices, soups, meats, and fish products—that are always available to you in convenient cans—never "out of season." And processed canned foods do not have to be stored under refrigeration before opening.



MANY NEW KINDS of canned meat products will soon be coming to market. They'll be *thrifty* because of no waste—and so *tasty* you'll serve them proudly . . . Modern canned foods are cooked right in the can. In fact, each steel-and-tin can is really a miniature "pressure cooker." Flavors, minerals, vitamins and other precious nutrients are *sealed in!*

FOODS IN CANS ARE

SAFE from dirt, germs, odors

SAFE from air, light, moisture

SAFE even after a can is opened—because, in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

Every Woman SHOULD KNOW

about MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

Now lovelier, lighter skin beauty is within the reach of any woman who goes after it allied with **Mercolized Wax Cream.** This famous Cream contains an active ingredient used as long as history has been recorded. It loosens and dissolves scaly little chappings and is effective in helping to make skin firmer—more translucent. In the presence of **Mercolized Wax Cream** a lovely bleaching action takes place on the skin surface, and the appearance of dingy, cloudy pigment is retarded. If your complexion is PASSABLE, don't be satisfied—seek to make it more radiant, more attractive and younger looking with **Mercolized Wax Cream.** Use only as directed.

ORLY SKIN—Helped by the invaluable aid of SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT. Just dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat it on the skin several times a day. It subdues excess surface oil, tightens soft skin tissue by temporary contraction, and leaves the skin feeling delightfully refreshed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

* SPAM IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK

PLASTIC WOOD
...a tool kit in itself!
FOR THE HOME

For Resetting...	For Repairing...
Mirrors	Screen doors
Drawer pulls	Chipped furniture
Loose towel	Rotted wood
Loose [illegible]	Worn steps
Chairs [illegible]	Chairs [illegible]
Picture wires	Broken toys
Chair legs & arms	Bric-a-brac
Bric-a-brac	

At all Hardware, Paint and 10c Stores

Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap is a special soap containing the same medicine as the "SKIN SUCCESS" ointment. Wring up the rich cleansing, FOAMY MEDICATION with fingertips, washcloth or brush and allow to remain on skin for a few minutes. Amazingly quick results come to many skins subject to pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, pitting of eczema, and rashes external medicated treatment—plus the hygienic action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap. For your youth clear, soft lovely skin, use your skin this better way 3 minute famous medication treatment. At drug and toiletry counters everywhere 25c.

Household Almanac

Recipes Tested in a New England Kitchen —GRH—

SURGEON generals' hospital records of this war proved that country boys, fed by salads and fresh vegetables, healed from major wounds, such as compound fractures, quicker than city-reared boys.

In the West the first course for dinner and luncheon is the salad, not the appetizer and not the soup.

It is a prevalent fiction that olive oil is necessary to a good salad dressing. OPA ceilings make the use of olive oil difficult since oil makers get higher prices by shipping to other countries.

Many of our native oils used for cooking are valuable both in flavor and vitamin value for French type salad dressings. When used, as will be shown here, to prepare the healthful and appetizing garlic oil which gives a delicate but disguised zest to salads, any housewife can whip up a salad dressing in a few minutes and she need not fear "garlic breath." The great chefs cannot do without garlic, which they use so sparingly that its presence honors food. Bad cooks are easy to discover since they use too much garlic. It is easy to use too much garlic if one attempts to cut it up and distribute it in food. When garlic oils or garlic water are used, they may be stored in bottles indefinitely and used sparingly to glorify food.

Garlic Water

PUT one cup of water in a saucepan. Add three cloves of garlic and a pinch of salt. Boil moderately in a lid covered pan for 10 to 20 minutes. Remove garlic cloves. Bottle and cork the garlic water.

Garlic Oil

PUT one cup of cooking oil in a saucepan. Add two cloves of garlic and a half teaspoon salt. Simmer gently under lid for at least 15 minutes. Remove garlic cloves. Bottle and cork. This is best stored in a refrigerator.

French Dressing

USE two parts cooking oil or two parts garlic oil to one part vinegar. Two cups to one make the rule from which no chef will vary. One heaping teaspoon of salt added to three cups enhances this dressing, which is usually undersalted. A half teaspoon of black pepper or two teaspoons paprika may be added or a half teaspoon Worcestershire or A-1 sauce.

Malt or tarragon vinegar are the standards. Cider vinegar may be used. A delightful French dressing may be made with red Italian wine vinegar.

Roquefort Tomato Dressing

A TANGY salad dressing may be made by mixing ¼ pound bleu cheese, American roquefort, with one can tomato soup and 2 tablespoons vinegar. This is made smooth if churned in a cocktail or electric mixer or shaken in a glass jar. Toss mixed green vegetables or pour it in ample quantities over head lettuce.

Sour Cream Dressing

1 cup sour cream
4 tablespoons chopped onions
1 teaspoon sugar or ¼ grain saccharin
2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
½ teaspoon salt

This is delicious on lettuce and canned pineapple, apple beets and lettuce or sliced banana and lettuce.

Add a dash of cinnamon after the salad has been mixed with the dressing.

Chopped mixed salad greens now may be found in many markets packaged in cellophane. Dandelion greens, beet and turnip tops, plaintain leaves, stripped from the stems may be used in mixed salads.

Cucumber Salad

SLICE 3 medium cucumbers thin. Peeling is optional. Cover with salt as the slices are arranged in layers in a crock and sprinkle the top with salt. Cover this with a plate. Put a weight, such as a flatiron on top of the plate. Put in a cool, dark place overnight or for a day and a night.

The dressing is made with 1 cup cider vinegar, 2 teaspoons sugar or 2 saccharin tablets, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Drain cucumbers in cold water to remove salt and soak in fresh water, draining about three times. Pour dressing—over cucumbers and cool in icebox before serving. Persons usually distressed by cucumbers may eat these.

Wilted Lettuce Salad

A SALAD of the gay nineties which no chef has improved on since was made by our grandmothers with no oil. Head lettuce had not arrived but leaf lettuce, which is much higher in vitamin value than iceberg lettuce, was to be found in every garden. Any kind of lettuce may be used to make this noble salad. Leaves should be separated and tossed in a bowl. Two or three hard-boiled eggs, sliced, may be tossed with the leaves. A small can of green peas (if you cook them, you spoil their flavor since canned peas are precooked) may be added. Sliced boiled beets, or uncooked canned beets may be added, sliced.

Hot dressing is made by frying a few strips of bacon to a crisp, as quickly as possible over a hot fire, without burning the fat. Crumble the bacon and toss it into the salad bowl. Measure the hot bacon fat and add two cups cider vinegar to one cup bacon fat, stirring as it simmers. Add two teaspoons sugar or two quarter-grain soluble saccharin tablets. Pour over the salad while steaming hot and toss.

Variants, (a) Add 1 teaspoon Worcestershire and 4 tablespoons catsup, (b) add 2 tablespoons horseradish sauce, (c) add ¼ cup chili sauce and 1 tablespoon chopped onion, (d) add dash of Worcestershire and ½ cup tomato soup. Variants should be cooked thoroughly with the dressing and poured over the salad hot.

A good salad bowl may be of metal or glass. The theory that a wooden bowl should be used and never washed is one nice way to get germs in your salads. The pores of wooden bowls are ideal culture mediums for germs. All salad bowls should be scalded.

Boiled Salad Dressings

OUR grandmothers made a salad dressing long before mayonnaise was invented. It was higher in vitamin and nutritive value than mayonnaise. It added zest to fruit salads, plain lettuce, hard boiled eggs, cottage cheese and fruit dishes, chicken salads, tuna fish salad, shrimp salad when combined with chopped celery or salmon salad.

No oil is used in this simple dressing which can be easily prepared. Here it is, changed but little since grandmother handed down her time-tested recipe.

1 egg, beaten
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon mustard
1 cup vinegar
1 cup cream
1 teaspoon horseradish

As a substitute for cream, 1 cup of milk may be used to 2 tablespoons flour.

Boil the vinegar, sugar and butter over a slow fire or in a double boiler, stirring until thoroughly mixed. Stir the beaten egg into the cream, add the flour and stir until smooth. Add the seasoning and stir this slowly into the hot saucepan. Keep stirring as it is slowly cooked to a creamy consistency. Place in a covered jar and chill.

This may be varied by adding a half cup of beet juice, tomato soup, or both, the mixing of which gives to it a delightful flavor and a rose tint. The mustard is essential for tang. The horseradish is optional but in this small amount, when finely grated it gives the dressing an almost indistinguishable zest. A flavorsome variation may be had by adding a teaspoon of powdered turmeric.

Hot Potato Salad

SCRUB and boil with skins on six medium or three large potatoes. Drain, remove skins and cut into cubes. Add two chopped, medium sized raw onions. Add two tablespoons cider vinegar to one cup boiled dressing. Stir raw onions, cooked diced potatoes and salad dressing together and heat in saucepan. Serve on hot plates. For a cold potato salad the mixture is not heated.

"Are you sure your grandpa wasn't a mountain goat?" chided Elsie

"THAT'S A two-cent insult, if I ever heard one!" bellowed Elmer, the bull.

"But I didn't mean it that way, dear," protested Elsie, the Borden Cow. "It's just that you've been leaping over these hills like a billy goat. And this old car is no yearling."

"Woman," said Elmer haughtily, "you forget *I* am at the wheel!"

"That's just what's worrying me," murmured Elsie. "At this speed no one can trust his reflexes—not even you. Suppose you met another

car when you came around that curve on the wrong side?"

"I'd pull out and around it quicker than you can say *Hemo*," answered Elmer.

"Thanks for mentioning it," said Elsie. "Hemo *is* a wonderful word to have on the tip of your tongue when you want a delicious *milk-chocolaty* drink that's teeming with vitamins and minerals you need to feel really *alive*. But I'm afraid you'd have to do more than say Hemo if your own car had a blowout."

"DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT!" quavered Elmer, slowing down. "What are you trying to do? Spoil the fun?"

"*Me* spoil the fun?" laughed Elsie. "Look at the fun I bring to meals and parties every day with my *Borden's Ice Cream*. It's glorious re-

freshment, and more *fun* to eat than any other food you know."

"I get it," snorted Elmer, "You get me to slow down so you can race on about Borden's."

"We don't *race* at Borden's," teased Elsie. "*We* hang up wonderful safety records. Why, last year our drivers covered 23,000,000 miles without one fatal accident. Isn't that fine, when you think that more than a million folks were injured in auto accidents last year?"

"A million!" gasped Elmer. "I knew there were lots of goofy drivers, but not a million!"

"Oh, many of them were good and careful drivers," corrected Elsie. "But they met up with someone who was driving with one headlight, or someone who didn't check his brakes, or raced on worn-out tires or on wet pavements, or forgot about the pedestrian."

"Look!" snapped Elmer, "suppose you take the wheel, and see what kind of a job *you* do!"

"Oh, I'm no driver," smiled Elsie. "My job is selling foods like *Borden's Evaporated Milk*. It's so *safe* for babies, and has 400 units of Vitamin D in every pint."

"AW, cut the groceries talk!" commanded Elmer. "I'm out for pleasure."

"You'll find real pleasure," twittered Elsie,

"in *Borden's Eagle Brand Cream Cheese*. It's the creamiest cream cheese that ever nestled between slices of bread—or ever glorified a salad."

"If that's your idea of bright conversation," barked Elmer, "I'll take a little silence."

"But, dear," teased Elsie, "Nobody can keep silent when you mention Borden's fine foods. Why, they go into rhapsodies about the taste of *Borden's Homogenized Milk*. It's got cream and Vitamin D in every smooth, *safe* sip!"

"Wh-e-e-e-w!" sighed Elmer. "Why don't you tell it to the judge? See what he says!"

"Why, dear," laughed Elsie, "any judge worthy of the name will tell you safety comes

first when you're buying foods—*and* when you take your family for a drive!"

"Pick up the marbles," said Elmer. "You win! We're going home—and *sl-ow-ly!*"

Sure, cleaning's a cinch when your cleanser doesn't leave those *dirt-aching* scratches that make you scrub so hard and low you down! And Bon Ami works without grit-just *slides* grease and dirt away like lightning.

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WHITE STAR TUNA

Chicken of the Sea TUNA

Sauce a la Chief

A GOURMET, noted for his subtle and excellent taste, was in the habit of having his butlers set out appetizers, sherry and cocktails on a long drawing room table about an hour or two before dinner.

Among the delicacies which found the greatest favor with his guests were cold shrimps with toothpicks and two kinds of sauce into which they might be dipped. One was a creamy light sauce which made a flavorsome combination.

The other was a brilliant red sauce flecked with bits of green and so different from any known cocktail sauce that one guest gave fifty dollars to a butler for the rare recipe. When he had this sauce made up it did not taste at all like the chef's sauce.

Some time later this guest's wife mentioned the matter to the host. He wrote the correct recipe and added the single ingredient which, inadvertently, had been missing from the butler's list.

The Sauce

AND here it is, a sauce pronounced by epicures to give a noble flourish to meat, fish, eggs hard boiled or scrambled, salads and even to stews:

One bottle catsup
One bottle chili sauce
Salt and pepper
Three small or two large green peppers
Three small or two large onions
One half cup tarragon or cider vinegar
Two tablespoons sugar or four quarter-grain saccharin tablets

Missing ingredient. Can you guess it?

Wash peppers and onions in cold water. Slice and dice. Empty catsup and chili sauce into large mixing bowl, glass or crock preferred. Add vinegar. Add seasoning. With large spoon slowly stir diced onions and peppers until they become thoroughly mixed in the sauce.

Missing Ingredient

THE missing ingredient was garlic and it was introduced to this fine sauce in an approach so delicate that its presence could not be identified by the taste. The garlic sublimed itself or behaved as a taste catalyst, one might say, completely changing and ennobling the condiment.

Two cloves of garlic are minced with a sharp paring knife and tied in a tea bag. The tea bag is moistened and buried deep into the sauce, the strings hanging over the side of the bowl. The bowl is then covered and placed in a dark part of the refrigerator for 24 hours or more. It may be left for two or three days. At the end of that time the tea bag is withdrawn and this royal sauce becomes a noble guest at any table. A similar way is to boil the garlic in ½ cup water and add garlic water to sauce.

The whole trouble with Sauce a la Chief is the fact that it does not last long. People like it too well on too many things.

Thrifty Patterns

PATTERN 3759—Enjoy sunbathing in this camisole sundress, feminine version of the field jacket included in pattern. Jr. Miss sizes 13-17 and 12-18. Size 13 sundress, 2¼ yds. 35-in.; jacket, 1⅛ yds. 35-in.

PATTERN 3812—Cool "breezy easy" princess dress. Trim with eyelet or leave it plain. Easy to make. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16, 2⅝ yds. 39-in.

PATTERN 3813—Make this sunfrock with comfortable panties. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8. Size 6, 1¾ yds. 35-in.; bias binding optional.

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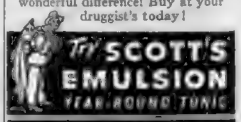

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Perfume for the Bride

By SALLY YOUNG

PURCHASES and preparations for your June wedding have made your savings account look terribly anemic. Not that you mind, for, after all, your wedding, presumably, comes once in a lifetime. And you wouldn't think of economizing on all the frills and extras that make this your day of days.

The Last Straw

BUT there's always one item that becomes the proverbial straw on the camel's back. One more expenditure and your bank account has gone pfft! Usually it's something like perfume that does it. Yet what young bride would face an altar without it?

Maybe you can borrow a dab, or are you good at begging? But more likely than not, you can afford your own. Good perfume is not necessarily expensive perfume. Nor can you judge good perfume by the bottle it comes in.

What is good perfume? The answer varies with the individual but mainly you want your perfume to have lasting qualities. And you want the fragrance to do a certain "something" for you.

Perfume Test

TO TEST for the lasting quality of a perfume, put a little on the back of your hand. At first, the fragrance is strong, naturally, but how long does it linger? Does it leave nary a memory after two hours? That's definitely not a good buy then, is it?

Well then, try another. You'll find one that's modestly bottled and moderately priced. And likely as not it will be as satisfactory as anything you'll sniff at $50 a half ounce.

What scent? Most brides choose something flowery. White lilac is nice, and the shops carry some mighty accurate liquid reproductions of the flower's fragrance. Fresh violet perfume is young and unsophisticated. Lilies of the valley, in perfume form, are definitely wedding material. And there are numerous other flower and non-flower essences that are equally appropriate—and all within your price range.

When shopping for the right fragrance, remember there's no one to please but yourself. Sniff around until you find something that strikes you right. Then do the back-of-the-hand test again. Is it still right? Fragrances sometimes change on the skin, you know.

How Much?

HOW much should you buy? It's wise to buy perfume in small quantities, unless you use it up quickly. Perfume that stands around for months and months loses some of its vitality. This is one instance where small packages, more frequently purchased, are a saving.

To Make Your Perfume Last Longer

TUCK two or three tiny sachet bags of the same fragrance as your perfume into the hem of your dress or in the shoulder pads. Your delicate flower fragrance will be intensified and its lasting qualities extended.

A bath oil, to match your perfume, is another dollar saver, because with it you'll need less perfume to get the desired effect.

Or buy matching toilet water to help stretch the life of your perfume bottle.

Pink Bride

ONE New York designer has made a 1946 wedding dress in plain pink chambray—the pink of a dogwood in bloom. Never was a bride lovelier.

The Fragrance Lingers

DELICATE lace, hand embroidery and pure silk are worthy of your own personal attention. You'll enjoy the task of laundering them with the help of a new sudsy, delightfully fragrant washing compound.

In addition to its fragrance, which lasts through ironing and lingers for months, this powdered soap is a wonder worker in removing fresh stains which have not been set by heat. It will eliminate ink, grease, lipstick, road tar, pine pitch, iodine, mildew, grass and blood stains and, last but not least, the ugly brown stains of cod liver oil. Full directions for use are printed on the box and should be meticulously followed.

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1. He Loves Pie! CRISCO brings you Flaky Pie Crust Every Time!

CRISCO ORANGE BLOSSOM PIE

¾ cup sugar	1 tbsp. lemon juice
4 tbsps. flour	Rind of 1 orange
2 tbsps. cornstarch	3 eggs, separated
¼ tsp. salt	1 tbsp. Crisco
1½ cups water	Single-crust recipe
½ cup orange juice	Crisco Pastry

In top of double boiler, combine sugar, flour, cornstarch and salt; slowly add boiling water. Cook over direct heat until thick—about 5 min. Place over hot water and continue cooking for 15 min.; stir occasionally. Combine beaten egg yolks with juices and grated rind. Add to first mixture and cook 2 min. more. Remove from heat and add Crisco. Cool and pour into baked Crisco pie shell. *(It's true, girls! Even a beginner can get flaky, tender pie crust every single time! Just follow the sure-fire Crisco Pastry Method and be sure to use Crisco. It's easy—try it and see!)* When filling is thoroughly cold, cover with meringue.

MERINGUE: Beat egg whites till stiff. Slowly add 6 tbsps. granulated sugar and continue beating till sugar is dissolved. Pile on pie and bake in slow oven (325°F.) about 15 minutes. All Measurements Level.

2. Win His Heart with CRISCO'S Lighter, Richer Cakes!

CRISCO MOCHA NUT LAYER CAKE

New Crisco cakes are better on every count—lighter—richer—moister—tenderer! But note that this new-method recipe is designed for **cake flour—should not be used with emergency flour.** Measure into mixing bowl:

2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)

1½ cups sugar • ½ cup Crisco • 1 tsp. salt • ⅔ cup milk

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

3½ tsps. baking powder*

Add: **4 egg whites (unbeaten) • ½ cup milk • 1 tsp. vanilla**

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. The batter will be smooth and thin. Pour into two square 8" layer pans which have been Crisco'ed and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (360°F.) about 25 minutes. *(Crisco has a baking secret that gives you lighter cakes than the most expensive shortening! With Crisco—only with Crisco—we promise you a better cake all 'round from this recipe.)* Frost with mocha icing; decorate with nuts. All Measurements Level.

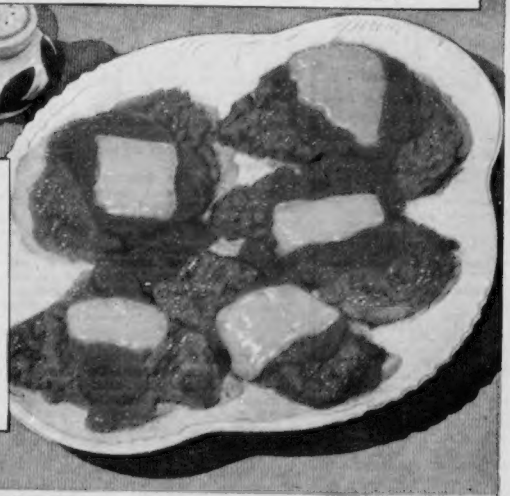
**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, KC, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 4½ tsps.*

3. Watch Him go for CRISCO'S Light, Digestible Fried Foods!

CRISCO VEAL CUTLET, ITALIAN STYLE

Flatten out a small veal steak. Cut into pieces for serving. Dip in flour, beaten egg and fine bread crumbs. Fry in Crisco in a large skillet till tender. *(Seared [fried foods may cause upsets? Don't worry! Foods fried to a crisp, golden brown in pure, all-vegetable Crisco not only taste better—they set so light and easy even children may eat 'em!)* Spread tomato sauce over cutlets, and place a thin slice of American cheese on each piece. Cover skillet and heat gently till cheese melts.

CRISCO COOK BOOK—Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. A, Box 887, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for the 64-page "Recipes for Good Eating." Offer good in U. S.



CRISCO is America's Largest-Selling Vegetable Shortening—IT'S DIGESTIBLE!

Tips for Laundering Your Cottons

By DORIS DENISON

THIS summer for the first time in several seasons, solid white materials will be on the market in large quantities. White dotted swiss and linen-like cloths will be especially popular for Sunday-best and party dresses. These materials are not impractical because they can be kept snowy white with a soap and water tubbing after each wearing.

Plenty of hot water and a second rinse in fresh suds before the final two rinses in clear water is effective in preserving the dazzle of any white fabric.

Corduroy a Favorite

NEWS from Paris openings tells us that loose fitting toppers of vividly colored corduroy are being shown for wear over tailored dresses.

This is welcome news because of corduroy's easy upkeep—simple soap and water washing. Just remember to handle it with care. Use lukewarm water for both washing and rinsing, and squeeze out the excess water by rolling it in a towel. If carefully hung, little or no ironing will be required. Press seams on the wrong side when necessary and brush to bring up the nap.

Delicate Laces

REMEMBER the trick of washing delicate laces and vestees by shaking them in a jar of soapsuds to prevent rubbing. And if your suit has a collar, turn it up sometimes with your scarf on the outside and looped in front way up to your chin, like an 18th century beau in an old print.

Nylon jabots are an easy solution to the beruffled, "dandy" look that's high fashion, for they need not be ironed at all—you can just finger-press the folds so they will fall in graceful lines.

"Suit" Yourself

IF YOU planned to make a suit for yourself this summer, don't let lack of lining materials stop you. You can just bind the seams and add a lining later. As a matter of fact, unlined suits have a big advantage, for in many materials they are as easily washed as a sweater or wool skirt, and so you can indulge in a popular pastel such as aqua or yellow.

Cotton Leftovers

RECONSIDER every scrap of cotton before you consign it to the rag bag. Will it do for a patch, a widening insert, a facing to lengthen a hem? A prime consideration in judging these cotton leftovers is washability. Will it shrink? Is the color fast; are you sure it won't streak the garment on which it serves as a patch? Is the fabric strong enough to stand as many launderings as the garment it is to be used on?

Tips for Curtain Laundering

WASH your curtains before they get badly soiled. Imbedded grime will impair the strength of delicate fabrics, and the longer you let curtains stay dirty, the harder they will be to wash.

Do not wring or twist the curtains during the washing or rinsing process. Plunge them up and down in the suds. Hold delicate curtains between the hands, and simply press the suds through and through the fabric.

Iron curtains, if possible, while they are still evenly damp. If they become too dry for easy ironing, it is better not to sprinkle directly on the fabric but to iron under a dampened cloth.

Soap Shaker

A SOAP SHAKER may be made by fastening together two worn pre-war tea strainers of the same size. This homemade gadget makes it possible to whip up an excellent suds in the dishpan in a short time, thus utilizing all soap scraps as they accumulate.

Plastic Wall-Coat

DISMAYED by greasy kitchen walls? It won't be half so bad to wash them down if you use two pails of suds—and two cloths, one for the worst film, the other for the second smoothing over. Rinse with clear water, of course. And then, on the wall behind the stove, paste on a sheet of the transparent plastic which stores now have in stock. It's practically invisible, wipes off easily after each meal, and can be replaced instead of having that wall get grimy before the rest needs to be done.

Plastic Slip-Covers

HERE is a decorative suggestion which flaunts a fine disregard for jam-sticky hands and muddy feet: You can make slip-covers for your chairs of transparent or pearly plastic materials. It's always a chore to find materials which blend harmoniously with your current color scheme, and particularly so during these months when home decoration fabrics are still scarce. Transparent plastic slip-covers will not only let the carefully chosen original color gleam through the protective covering, but—blessing to a busy mother—can be kept clean with the whisk of a soapy cloth over the surface.

Sterling Silver Improves With Wear

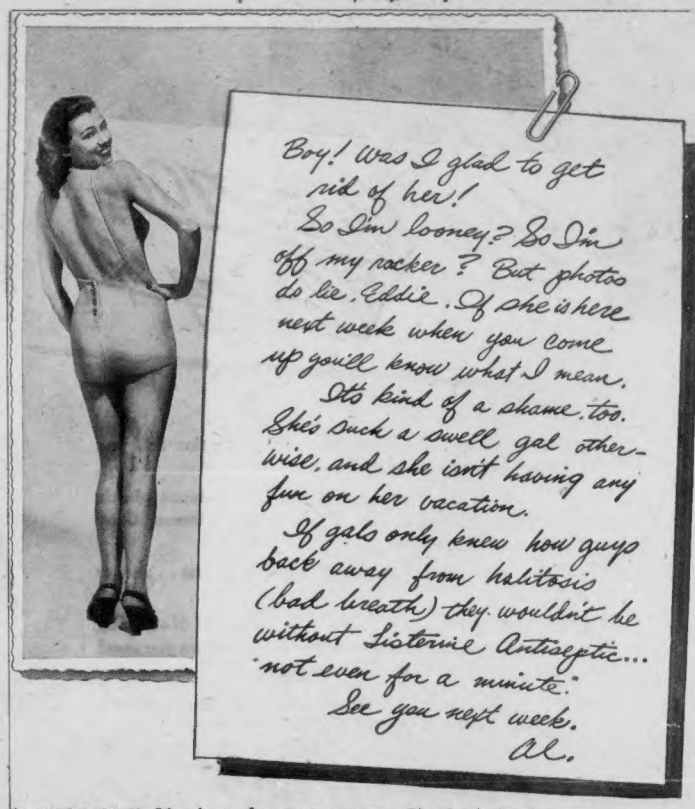
FINE china and table laces may be saved for special occasions, but there is one of your precious possessions that actually improves with wear—your sterling silver. With proper care, it will long outlast your lifetime, and become lovelier each year it is used.

When you first use your silver, tiny scratches will appear on it. But don't let this worry you, for soon these tiny scratches will multiply until they give your silver a lustrous patina . . . that surface-mellowing that only use (with care) can give it. For this reason, rotate the use of your silver so that all the pieces receive equal wear.

If you will wash your silver promptly after each meal in good hot soapy water, making sure that all food and grease are removed, it will seldom need polishing. For rinsing, use clear hot water and dry immediately with a clean, soft cloth.

Jumbling too many pieces together in the dishpan is likely to cause noticeable scratches on them, so wash only a few pieces at a time, and handle them carefully.

Treat your sterling with sensible care, and use it as often as you like.



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